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We hardly need to remind you that the spectacle of St. Louis' largest public service company, one of the best street railways in the country, forced into a receivership by your City Government, would be the worst possible advertisement of St. Louis as a field for all other business investments.

The United Railways Company of St. Louis

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 37

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1917

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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It's Up to the German People

By William Marion Reedy

GOVERNMENTS of the Entente will not answer the Pope's peace proposals—directly. They say that the President's answer expresses their views, but there is an air of indefiniteness in this. At the end of the war, Germany beaten, will find the Entente powers experts in *Realpolitik*. They will collect, if they can, for all their trouble. The question is whether it will be any of this country's business, in that event, to prevent such collection. Clearly we are not committed to support of their after-war policies. Are we pledged to oppose any of them? It would seem that we are, as, for instance, against the proposed economic league against the Central Powers. There will be difficulties over the rights of small nationalities, some of them now oppressed by Austria, for the Entente will scheme to detach as many of them as possible from their present status. The Central Powers will not abide by that unless they shall be decisively beaten. Readjustments in the Balkans will be difficult because of the complexities of relationship between the countries themselves and their greater neighbors. If Germany is beaten, she will be shut out of the Balkans; that is necessary to block the *Drang nach Osten*. An autocratic militaristic Germany will be hardly dealt with on every hand, as a means of crushing not Germany but autocratic militarism.

Now Germany's defeat is assured. The entrance of the United States against her settles that. Therefore Germany can make the best terms of peace by getting rid of autocratic militarism and establishing representative responsible government. Only by doing so will she be able to obtain peace by negotiation. It is either that or the war to a finish, and defeat and helplessness before the victors. There is no other way to escape a terrible dose of her own remorseless *Realpolitik* in the final settlement. By acceding to this country's demands, Germany will win a friend in the peace conference that will be able to smash the proposals of *Realpolitik*. Such a concession is the indispensable first step to any peace by negotiation and the avoidance of a vast *debacle*.

The question is how soon Germany's people will see this. The autocracy, of course, will fight for its own present status as long as the people will support it. It is fighting for its easy job. For the present it may dally with the idea of admitting the people to representation, but so far all proposals along that line leave the Reichstag subject to veto by the Bundesrat, the Bundesrat controlled by Prussia, and Prussia controlled by her autocracy. The United States will insist on the substance rather than the mere form of representative and responsible government in Germany. For a time the German people may hope for victory as coming somehow out of the successes against broken-down Russian morale, but those successes cannot help Germany in the long run. The United States has settled the war. With Russia broken, Germany could not be decisively beaten by the Entente, without the United States, but with the United States in the field against her, even the capture of Petrograd will avail Germany nothing. Chancellor Michaelis is plainly procrastinating and playing for time in his vague, evasive half-consent to a programme of democratization. Erzberger's demands are strong but as yet there are few signs that industrial Germany and the ruling elements are prepared to give up the programme of August, 1914—

world supremacy or downfall. There are few signs that the German people are not solidly behind their Kaiser. There is some hope that German Socialists may gather strength from the example of the Russian people's action in getting rid of the Romanoffs, but against that hope we must reckon the effect of Russian chaos on the German sense of order and discipline. The Germans will shrink from the possibility of any such state of affairs as exists in Russia, and we may be sure that they will be told that that is the alternative to the kind of government they are now given. They will not like that kind of "democracy." Even the Centrists, Roman Catholics, led by Erzberger, now for a moderate peace, will be rendered lukewarm by the fact that the alternative to the present form of government is Socialism, the red beast, to all Roman Catholicism. If the Pope's proposals had a slight Teutonic tinge we may surmise that this was due to the church's preference for almost anything as against Socialism, and, of course, the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Russia by ascendent atheists. The German Socialist papers are very guarded in their liberalism. Doubtless there is a strong peace sentiment in Germany, but it is not yet made manifest. Our embargo may bring the sentiment to voice. The best German-language newspapers in the United States have swung around to support of the President's proposal that there can be no peace with a German government other than representative, but the German press in Germany has not printed any of this comment. We do not know what the German people think and feel about a peace other than one with Germany over all.

And we do not know what are the present German government's peace terms. None has ever been presented. The "feelers" in the latter months of 1916 proposed no more than a conference, with Germany in possession of everything gained in her well-plotted and well-executed raid upon Belgium and France, and her ally's invasion of Serbia. The Kaiser asked the Entente to sue for peace at the time when the Entente was just ready to fight for it. The answer was that there could be no conference until Germany gave up what she had piratically grabbed and made reparation. The Kaiser has made no peace proposal since the first insulting notice to the Entente to come in and be prepared to take what he would give. He looks less like a victor now than he did ten months ago. If he wants peace now, it is he must sue, or worse still, if he wants peace he cannot have it for the reason that those with whom he would negotiate tell him they will not accept his word, that he or his government is *hostis humani generis*. He is the world's outlaw. No peace with him is possible, and "his" people have not shown they want peace. Therefore the war must go on. And if it goes on to a finish with the Entente triumphant, Germany will have to pay. This country may favor condonation and no annexations and indemnities, but the Entente will not be bound by our declaration, since there is no treaty between the Entente and this country.

The German people must save Germany, since the Kaiser cannot. German Socialists must do the work, if it is to be done, but German Socialism cannot do it either, until it works in itself a change that will make it distinguishable from Kaiserism as Russian Socialism is different from Czarism. The Socialism that can save Germany is the Socialism of those Americans like John Spargo, George D. Herron, Charles Edward Russell, A. M. Simonds and others who have repudiated the Kaiserian Socialism in this country when it adopted an attitude of

favoring neutrality and peace on the basis of Kaiserian mastery of the world and repudiation of civilization. Such Socialism as represented by the Americans who have quit the Socialist party, is the only kind that can reach out beyond the ring of fire and steel about Germany and deal with the democratic socialism of Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy. When German Socialism becomes democratic it will find the way to such an international *rapprochement* as must stir the people behind the Entente governments to a demand for peace which those governments cannot resist. Let the German people take possession of their government and the people of the United States will not want to make war upon them for even an hour. The world can have a people's peace when the German people show they want it. By changing their government the Germans can avoid the *Realpolitik* inevitabilities of a protraction of the war, they will be joined by the people of Great Britain, France, Italy, Russia and the United States in a concerted and successful effort to do away with autocratic rule, secret diplomacy, militarism, annexations, indemnities, armaments and economic warfare in the guise of protective tariffs.

We are not at war with the German people, says our President. Let the German people show they are not one with their royalties, their war-lords and their Junkers and not at war with us. Those German people can bring all the peoples together for a true, practical internationalism by making their government the expression of themselves. They can thus make all the governments make the peace that all the peoples crave.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Jack and the Beanstalk

HO! all ye that are weary and heavy-laden with the burden of the leadenly dragging horror of the war, ye who are sickened unto the soul of the pulings of the pacifists, I give you glad tidings of a port of release, an open door of escape to a gladder world. Wheresoe'er you see announced the movie, "Jack and the Beanstalk," enter ye in and be sained of your sorrow and spiritual ennui. I saw it at the Garrick the other afternoon. The first movie I ever saw that was not a whit too long. Never before did I realize what a fine story is "Jack and the Beanstalk." Whoever wrote it was a Homer in his field. There never was a better storyteller than Homer: the Iliad would make a mighty movie. The film scenario is lucid and swift, with not too much of calculated retardation to sustain suspense. Medoubts that there are better film actors than the child stars who impersonate *Jack*, *Regina*, the princess, and *Rudolphe*, the villain—Francis Carpenter, Virginia Lee Corbin and Violet Radcliffe respectively. And oh, the giant, *Blunderbore*, Mr. J. G. Tarver! He is a most marvelous, savage, anthropophagous monster. "Fe-fa-fo-fum!" Ugh! And that wondrous world at the top of the beanstalk, the little city of Cornwall and its little people, king, queen, soldiers. Where have I seen that city before? Surely it belongs in the world created by Lord Dunsany in words and visualized by his illustrator, Sime, in pictures. Such a white, spacious streeted, curious circumvallated city, that Cornwall—a city a thousand thousand years before King Arthur—far, far away, a long, long time ago. And the king is like a king on a playing card come to life in his toy palace and dying with a spritely sadness like *Pierrot's*, of the abduction of his daughter. Such a mighty siege of this capital of Liliput by the Brobdignagian giant and what a mighty castle does Jack penetrate to steal the hen that lays the golden eggs and the magic harp that cries out "Someone is stealing me!" Your heart pops up in your mouth as the giant topples down the Cornwall homes and carries off the princess to dine upon her at his horrendous leisure. Oh, never in Nephelococcygia or any other city of the clouds was such a castle as the ogre's and mighty

is the siege thereof by *Jack* and his army, the battle sways in alternate tides of advance and repulse as it did at Verdun, and prodigious is the giant's tumble down the stupendous stair and into the net. Here is action multitudinous but not confused. Greater filming I do aver than the siege of Babylon in "Intolerance" or the march to the sea in "The Birth of a Nation" or the huge massed movement in "Cabiria"—all realistic with the realism of an otherwhereness. If it was funny in its microcosmic quality and its diminutive egregiousness, yet it was true. It was truth with a touch of faerie. And the end of the giant was enormously grandiloquently exaggerated to just the right note. To hear the shrieks and shouts of the spectator kiddies was to be admitted to a share in their transports of joy and terror. And the questions you heard them asking—why, a man who was as learned as Scaliger and as wise as Kant and Bergson and Edison would have been stumped by them. How little you know of *interiora rerum* when the children put you to cross-examination! They're worse than Sam Untermyer grilling an emperor of finance. And, oh, by golly, I found myself applauding the hen and *Sport*, *Jack's* dog, as hard as any of the little ones. It was a great afternoon for me and the other innocents. The presentation increased immeasurably my respect for the art of the original story and for the art of the moving picture, for its power to glamour actuality and visualize the magic of the old, old tale. And I thanked the scenario man for omitting at the end what I'm sure happened when the parents found the lost *Jack* and *Virginia*, who had dreamed the story in the enchanted wood—the spanking of the two little poets as a reaction from parental anguish of loss and joy of recovery; so stupid and unimaginative are the grown-ups who have wandered away from the kiddies' paradise of make-believe. Don't miss "Jack and the Beanstalk" when it's in your neighborhood, O readers mine, scattered the country over! For in it you will find your own childhood come back for two hours of ecstasy.

♦♦

After Our Senators

WE read of projected mass-meetings in Missouri to denounce and demand the resignations of Senators Stone and Reed for getting their wires crossed with the President's as to the conduct of the war. But we have not the recall and the senators won't resign. They are Democrats. I hear that out in the state there is talk of the candidacy of Charles M. Hay to succeed Stone. Who's Hay? He is an able and eloquent man who made a record as a dry leader in the legislature some years ago and now practices law in St. Louis. However, it is a long time to the end of Stone's term and he has come back from apparently invincible unpopularity in the state before.

♦♦

A Question for the Colonel

COL. ROOSEVELT—this is the second paragraph I have about him this week and I could easily have a dozen, all on live stuff—believes in official fixation of the number of children a family shall have—a married family that is; children born outside of marriage to be smothered, I suppose. The minimum of fecundity should be three. If there are more, the fathers shall have better salaries. The childless should be taxed heavier than the proliferative. It would be heavier on those who have one or two children and lighter on those who have more than three. He would limit the production of the unfit, promote the production of the fit. The Colonel is a eugenist. He favors birth-control among the poor and indigent. Who was it said that this sort of thing was a plot to take from the poor man the only paradise he has? He would pay lower salaries to the heads of small families. What says *Lear*? "The wren goes to it, and the small gilded fly does lecher in my sight." The Colonel is an economist; he knows the power of taxes to discourage any undesirable thing, even race-suicide. Then why not cease taxing what we want to promote and put all taxes on

the one thing that taxes cannot diminish—the land. There is so much and no more, but enough. Untax all production and that will increase the production of everything—including children. Has Col. Roosevelt ever heard of the single tax?

♦♦

East St. Louis Indictments

A GRAND JURY in East St. Louis, Illinois, has indicted the mayor of our satellite city for malfeasance in office, in that he failed to do all he could and should have done to stop the massacre of negroes there by a mob two months ago. He did not make his police force do its duty and he did not co-operate with the sheriff and the militia as he might have done, says the grand jurors' report, and he is the tool of "a coterie of corrupt politicians" in serving whom in the past he helped to make the massacre possible and in serving whom in future he may bring about a recurrence of the outbreak of barbaric lawlessness. The report says the best service Mayor Mollman can render East St. Louis is to resign his office. As he won't resign, the only possible way to get rid of him is by indictment and conviction. The riot and rapine and murder ran its course without adequate attempt at suppression and the mayor's secretary, also indicted, was active only in preventing men from photographing the horrible scenes because the pictures when published would be a bad advertisement for the town—the pictures, mind you; not the things pictured. The mayor will say the riot was beyond his control. It will be hard to convict him, but at least his indictment shows that East St. Louis does not approve the riot or the kind of government that made it possible. And this everybody knows, no riot of such extent and duration could have occurred without a large measure of police connivance or at least indifference. It is to be hoped that East St. Louis will punish some of its murderers of negroes as the army will undoubtedly punish its colored murderers of whites at Houston, Texas.

♦♦

Guilt is Personal

A LOT of the fellows of the Peace Council who are windily wording the thought that militarism or capitalism or some other indefinite abstraction is responsible for the war, are the same people who highly applauded, some years ago, the statement concerning the iniquities of railroads and trusts, "Guilt is personal." As to the war, guilt is personal. The Kaiser and his gang sprung it on the world. They should be punished for it by their elimination and political destruction, and war is the only possible means in this imperfect world to that desiderated end.

♦♦

ST. LOUIS has at last a taxicab system that is patronizable by others than plutocrats. The yellow taxis should do a splendid business at their announced rates, which are eminently reasonable. It is cheaper now to keep moving about in a taxi than to stand still somewhere. Take a taxi!

♦♦

The Case of Mr. Malone

MR. DUDLEY FIELD MALONE's resignation as Collector of the Port of New York is in protest against punishment of the woman suffrage picketers at the White House. Such heroic self-immolation in support of conduct that is both a misdemeanor and a nuisance is anti-climacteric. It does not heighten public opinion of Mr. Malone's judgment of values, for it is a bit hysterical. Everybody who is anybody these days is for woman suffrage, but nobody of any sense is for picketing and other fantasticalities of the movement. Mr. Malone could have worked for suffrage without resigning his position, and the President who appointed him is in favor of the cause for which the collector has martyred himself.

♦♦

A Queer Bunch

ODD combination of forces, the pacifists at any price and the I. W. Ws. who favor sabotage and incidental murder, if necessary. It's delicious to hear a man denouncing war who rejoiced over the bomb-

ing of the Los Angeles Times and the killing of the paper's employees. The fact is that the peace council crowd are helping a tyrant worse than the late Gen. Otis. Professing love for mankind, the pacifists fight on the side of the greatest enemies of mankind, the militarists of Germany.

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Let 'Em In

St. Louis needs connection with its tributary territory's towns by trolley lines. But St. Louis won't provide a loop whereby interurban trolley lines can get into the heart of the city over the municipal bridge. St. Louis won't provide a loop to admit the trolley cars over the Eads bridge. St. Louis won't let a trolley line use the Municipal bridge. If any person is discovered coming into St. Louis with a dollar to spend he is likely to be arrested for behavior calculated to disturb the peace. Fine town!

❖❖

Too Much Ferninst

Why doesn't the Chamber of Commerce buy up a lot of the dead property in the blighted region and sell it to manufacturers who come here to locate plants but cannot do so because of the high cost of land? But that would never do. It's easier to go on lambasting the Terminal Association and the United Railways, or regulating the disbursement of individual charity. It's about time some of our civic organizations would do something to bring business here instead of doing everything to drive it away. It is not bridge charges on freight nor insufficient street railway service that is building up a great town across the river in Illinois. It is the control of our civic organizations of all kinds by men who want to "soak" the business institutions we now have. The trouble with St. Louis is that its motto as to anything proposed in a business way is, "Ferninst." The word is almost as popular as "Verboten," somewhere in Europe.

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Too Much of Nothing

MR. JOSEPH MURPHY came to town and gave St. Louis some good racing, for a week or more. He was hammered by some of the papers as if he had done a great crime. There was some betting on the races. Horrible! What is regarded as a little fun elsewhere has become an eighth deadly sin in St. Louis. Because it was necessary thirteen years ago to destroy organized racing all the year round, with a cinch on craps and a complete domination of local politics, it shouldn't follow that we are never to see a horse race again and never to venture a dollar on its result to make it interesting. There is nothing essentially wrong in betting on a horse race or upon anything else, for that matter. We can tolerate a little betting and yet prevent gambling from becoming a vested interest and a ruling force in politics. We don't want racing-gambling to become again as it was a nuisance and the track to be the focal point for the assemblage of idlers day by day, but a brief spring and fall racing meeting here would liven up the town and nobody would be the worse for it. Mr. Joseph Murphy should be encouraged to make another assault upon our civic puritanism next spring. Let's have a little fun in St. Louis. We have been and we will be a long time dead and we don't want to become so desperately depressed by super-morality that we shall all be praying with Swinburne, "Come down and redeem us from virtue!" A good motto was that of the old Greeks—"Nothing too much." And in the matter of the life playful, St. Louis has too long had too much of—nothing to do but work.

❖❖

The Colonel's Kernel

COL. ROOSEVELT says that woman is "entitled to the ballot as a right." To those who say there are no natural rights and we are as the beasts that perish, this statement may not mean much. Very well then, woman is entitled to the ballot as a privilege, says Col. Roosevelt. But, he says, no one should have the ballot either as a right or a privilege who does not do his or her duty. "I have failed to notice," he

goes on "that among pacifists the shirking sisterhood outnumbers the bleating brotherhood." Which shows what Col. Roosevelt considers the chief duty to be done by all citizens. And he is right as to that at this time. But he is righter when he says that suffrage, "if we are to continue our democratic experiment of government, must come." The Colonel hits the nail on the head; he hits a head wherever he sees it. His words will help the cause of woman suffrage. They dispose of the theory that only mollicoddles are on that side of the question.

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As a congressman, former Senator Billy Mason of Illinois is a greater writer of testimonials for patent medicines. We await with feverish expectation his predestined tribute to the resuscitative properties of "Tanlac," the remedy that prohibition has made profitable and famous.

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Pass the Webb Bill

It is about time for the congress to take up and pass the Webb bill which proposes to permit American exporting manufacturers to establish co-operative associations and selling agencies for the promotion of our trade in foreign ports. They cannot do this now because of the anti-trust law. They will not be permitted under the Webb law to combine in fixing prices to foreigners, only to unite in perfecting marketing facilities. President Wilson favors the bill. The House of Representatives is for it by a large majority. The Federal Trade Commission approves it. It is held up in the senate. That body should act upon it affirmatively. The measure is a necessary first step in the work of securing foreign trade especially in South Africa. The plan has been pursued in the past by the merchants of Great Britain and Germany. Opposition in the senate is based on the theory that such a policy will make us enemies by injuring the business of the nations into which the organizations will penetrate. That is not the purpose of the bill, nor will that be its effect. It is a measure designed to meet the competition of our European rivals and it will not injure the producers in the nations we purpose to serve. We are not likely to sell them their own products. We must pass the Webb bill if we are to build up our merchant marine.

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THE President is reported to have intimated that congress should adjourn very soon, say by October 1st. It would be a good thing. The members could go home and discover that the country has been converted to the war and wants more action and less mere talk.

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The Felon Emperor

How beautifully German ethics works. Here is the German charge d'affaires at Buenos Aires caught wiring his home office, using the Swedish government code and sending the message through the Swedish foreign office to pass Argentina's ships, or to sink them so as to leave no trace. This, while his home government is apologizing and promising reparation to Argentina for ships already sunk. Germany was Argentina's friend, but she was to sink Argentine ships so there would be no trace of the work and then there could be no proof that the Germans had refused the pass agreed to. How well this fits in with the von Bethmann-Hollweg "scrap of paper," with the Zimmerman note designed to set Mexico at war with us for her "lost provinces," with the contemptible hypocrisy and duplicity of the Kaiser's endeavor to get Czar Nicholas to start a war that would enable Germany to crush Great Britain. How nicely it shows that the Kaiser has made Sweden play his game while professing to be neutral. The Swedish foreign office has been part of the German spy system. And Sweden has been pleading with the United States for cargoes of wheat. She will get them—not. Indeed, none of those northern neutrals are to get any grain until December and then they will get only enough for their own use. All of them have been helping Germany. The embargo will punish them all. Of

course they have been tools of Germany through fear, but that does not excuse them. They have broken faith with the other belligerents even as Germany has broken faith with Belgium, with Argentina, with Russia, as events have shown since the Hohenzollern-Romanoff, Willy-Nicky correspondence in 1904-05 has been made public, with Austria-Hungary as is apparent in the dominance and absorption of that ally, with the United States in the broken promises not to sink our ships without warning. Here is cumulative evidence that the German government's word is no good and that German influence corrupts the integrity of all nations that she can coerce into serving her ends. "Pass the Argentine ships or sink them so they will leave no trace." That means shell and sink the lifeboats so none will be left to tell the tale. Make officers, sailors, passengers walk the plank even as the pirates of old disposed of all witnesses to their crimes. There is Kultur for you. This is the work to which the Germans go "onward with God." Punic faith was loyalty and fidelity in *excelsis* compared with German honor. The Kaiser would have been an ornament of that accomplished and infamous Italy of the days of the Medicis and Borgias when diplomacy consisted in getting a rival ruler to dine with one and poison him at table or assassinate him as he left the palace. I wonder why he didn't in the good old fashion send Lord Gray a pair of poisoned gloves or Delcasse a poisoned book of hours to get them out of the way of his ambitions. He and his system are delightfully mediaeval in other respects. Like his ancestor Frederick, he threw a world into war from the Great Lakes of North America to the coast of Coromandel that he might rob a neighbor he had promised to defend—Belgium. By the time we have all the facts about the Kaiser's operations we may reach the conclusion that the best thing to do with him will be to take him from the midst of his beaten armies and hang him like a common felon. Why not, remembering Edith Cavell and Capt. Fryatt?

❖❖

CHICAGO'S MAYOR, William Hale Thompson, has sued the daily newspapers of that town for \$1,000,000 damage to his reputation. It is probable that he estimates the damage at more than his reputation was ever worth. At that the fellow may have had more reputation than he ever had character.

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Reclamation Camps Turned Down

SENATOR POMERENE'S bill providing for the establishment of reclamation camps for the draft rejects has been turned down by the war department. It was a measure that promised to develop into a great organized governmental conservation of men. It would have put most of the men declared physically unfit for the army into a condition of fitness. It would have done away with ailments affecting the intelligence and the character of the victims. The worse afflictions would have been mitigated in severity and hundreds of thousands of lives would have been saved, not alone for the work of war but for services to mankind in peace. Hundreds of thousands of men would have been prevented from spreading contagion and infection among their healthy fellow-citizens. The government could have taken the census of the rejects heavily or slightly diseased and dealt medically or surgically with each case in a way to minimize the evil effects of the sickness or abnormality. The project contained the germ of an enterprise in which the government would eventually compel a national medical inspection of all citizens at stated periods and provide treatment for all disease discovered. This huge experiment in state medicine would not have been tried all at once, it would have grown gradually until practically all dangerous diseases would be segregated and prevented from spreading, and all the illnesses that become dangerous only through neglect would yield to simple treatments. The war department couldn't see its way to begin such a system now: its concern is with life-destruction more immediately than with wholesale life-saving. But though

the Pomerene bill may be dead, the idea in it is not. The idea is not even sleeping. It will come up again. It will do so probably as a phase of or accompaniment to the ineluctable and necessary measure that must come soon—a bill for universal service, somewhat, let us say, like the universal service established in Switzerland. When such service is called for, a medical examination of every man who enters it will be inevitable, and as new men will be entering the service every year, in a short time every citizen who is physically ill will be listed and treated so as to cure him or at least relieve him, and surely to keep him from infecting others. The reclamation camps would be in operation all the time. The work would call for many doctors and surgeons and nurses, but after a while the treatment would catch up with the diseases and the conditioning of men in the open air camps would increase the general healthiness of the population. Then the cost would go down and the highest physical standards would be maintained. The men who pass out of the service would have better brains as well as bodies, become fathers of better progeny and citizens with a finer sense of the responsibilities and the higher meaning of citizenship. We shall need more efficiency in all the departments of effort. We can never have too much fineness of character in the people. Those people who have supported the proposal of Senator Pomerene and its scientific approval by Dr. John H. Quayle should not forget the measure. It should be presented to congress every session and in connection with every bill to which it bears any relation until it shall be finally passed. Especially the principle involved in it must be brought forward conspicuously in relation to the legislation for universal military service, even though the men in that service be employed not in war but in building roads and canals and other public works as proposed in Mr. Frederick Upham Adams' article in the MIRROR some months ago, "For a Citizen Army."



Bye-bye Booze

SATURDAY night the manufacture of whiskey ceased in the United States. Alcohol will still be produced, but farewell, a long farewell to booze, and nobody's very sorry. For all booze's pleasures have not matched its woes. The world, we suspect, can get along without it. Mayhap we can't get so much pleasure out of light wines and beers, which may survive the prohibition drive against all stimulants, but, distinguishing after the manner of Dr. Samuel Johnson, we may get more happiness. Hard liquor may have been well enough for men of harder heads and less taut nerves than we have to-day. It is not good for us now. It is not even good medicinally, the best physicians aver. We must do without it now to save for food the 40,000,000 bushels of grain that have been going annually into whiskey, while 60,000,000 other bushels will be used in the production of alcohol for uses other than putting into a man's mouth to steal away his brains. We cannot do without alcohol in commerce and the arts. Since it was first seen to be likely that the law against distilling whiskey was to be passed, the manufacturers have worked their plants overtime. Not only that: they imported whiskey from Great Britain and Canada. The supply in bonded warehouses is estimated at 190,000,000 gallons and the stock not in bond will bring the quantity up to 230,000,000 gallons—enough to last us in ordinary times two years. The annual production has been about 116,000,000 gallons. This whiskey on hand will increase in price as demand makes inroads upon it. The distillers will make a lot of money through the price increase. And their plants will not necessarily be dismantled or left idle. They can be used for the manufacture of other grain products. The distillers will not starve. A great many saloons will probably go out of business, but the American public does not care for the saloon as once it did. After a while the government will miss the revenue it used to get from the manufacture of whiskey, but the people, not the manufacturers, paid that revenue, and if the people

can't get whiskey, possibly they can pay more in other kinds of taxes and then, too, there may be some diminution of the necessity of taxes to keep up police and jails and courts and hospitals and asylums for dealing with many of the effects of whiskey. At least this is what the prohibitionists say. The expense of keeping down the moonshiners may be increased however. The manufacture of whiskey is forbidden for the period of the war. Doubtless an attempt will be made to resume the production of the stuff after the war. It is doubtful that the attempt will succeed. Whiskey has lost caste as a tippie. Possibly we can make enough at home in our private stills to provide us with the necessary flavor for mince pies and brandy sauce for our puddings, but *hoi polloi* won't much care if whiskey never comes back, especially if *h. p.* as aforesaid can get all the beer and light wines it thinks it needs. When the whiskey men try to resume they will not have the support of the wine growers and the brewers, who will be fighting to save their business from prohibition, and prohibition is not likely to arrive before the ending of the war. Whiskey will be a luxury for two years at least. We may be paying champagne prices for it long before the end of that period. But most of us will find the price prohibitive and will get used to doing without the usquebaugh. And yet it's hard to think that toddy and cocktail and highball and mint julep and smashes and sours will be for most of us names of things that won't exist for us. Alas for the likelihood that we may lose the connotative memories attaching to those mellifluous words—when the things they stand for call for an amercement of fifty or seventy-five cents or a dollar a throw. And the inspirations that came as we stood with one foot on the bar-rail and looked at ourselves in the bar-mirror and wondered if they could ever tie, let alone beat us for cleverness and pulchritude, shall we perchance know them no more forever? What's that? Make mine a grape juice rickey and we'll pour libation to the gruesome and migrainean goddess Nephritis, the while the rollicking saloonatic psalter of old is as faint memory of sound in the streets of silent Amyclae. Egad boys, the time may be not far distant we'll have forgot the meaning of half the lines of Bobby Burns, and the prescriptions of Paracelsus, Bombast of Hohenheim, will have more to say to us than the scented sonnets in Francis Saltus Saltus' "Flasks and Flagons," and William Keeny Bixby and the redoubtable Huntington will be raising each other's bids a thousand or two at a clip for a rare and recondite volume known as "The Barkeeper's Guide." Only 230,000,000 gallons of the stuff in stock! And Thirst is immortal! What a gap is here! And the war may last five years with only enough booze for two. Upon our devoted gullets all the ends of the world have come. Eh? Not another grape juice on your life. Good-bye, boys, I'm through. Let voluntary renunciation harden us against the time of compulsory deprivation. Upon us now the ultimate horror of roaring war!



THE funniest thing I've seen in journalism is that interview with Pope Benedict, published last Sunday. The interview consists altogether of the opinions of the interviewer, with some foolish ejaculations of assent by the interviewee that no man who could attain to the wearing of the fisherman's ring could ever indulge in.



Negroes in the Army

SPEAKING of race riots, the war department announces its programme for the negroes drawn in the draft. The regulations announce that the negro troops of the national army will be organized in separate units, as in the regular army, and so far as possible will be trained in the states where they enter the service. Drafted negroes will not be called to mobilize at their camps until officers at the camps shall have arranged for these separate units. It is estimated that of the 687,000 men called for as the first increment of the national army, approximately 70,000 will be negroes. Negroes may

volunteer the same as white men for service, military but not combatant, on the lines of communication, and there will be negro fighting regiments in the national army. The war department thinks that negroes will do better in every way if kept with their own white folks than when sent into strange places to be shaped into soldiers. On this the department has taken southern expert sociological advice.



Apocrypha of Peace

A SET of German peace terms, supposed to have been drawn up by Foreign Secretary von Kuehlman, has been cabled to Washington. It is said that von Kuehlman is very pacific; not pacifist though. The pacifistette New York *Evening Post* has great hopes of him. The terms: First, restoration of Belgium and northern France, to be paid for out of the sale of Germany's colonies to Great Britain. This is a sort of reverse English on our buying the Philippines from Spain after we'd taken them! It is too much, it seems. Second, Alsace and Lorraine to be independent states. France, says M. Ribot, will listen to nothing short of their restoration to France. Third, Trieste to be a free port. This will not satisfy Italy. Fourth, Serbia and Rumania to be restored and Serbia to have a port on the Adriatic. Doubtful. Fifth, the Balkan question and the status of Turkey to be left to negotiation. A patched-up arrangement as to control of Constantinople does not mean permanent peace. Sixth, disarmament all around. Most excellent. Seventh, freedom of the seas, with England in control of the channel until the projected tunnel between Dover and Calais has been completed. There has always been freedom of the seas until Germany lost it by the fortune of war. What becomes of Austria-Hungary? Is it to be swallowed up in *Mittleuropa* under German control? Finally there is to be a league of peace. It is not likely Germany will give up Serbia, Rumania, Montenegro until she is beaten helpless, which she is not yet, for I agree with George D. Herron of the prose saga "The Menace of Peace," in his forthcoming book, "Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace," advance proofs of which I have read through the courtesy of his publisher, Mitchell Kennerley, New York, that Germany "can evacuate Belgium, return Alsace-Lorraine to France, and give the Trentino and Gorizia to Italy and still have made the greatest conquest that has been made since Rome's greatest days. The programme of the pacifists and the financiers, if it be adopted, according as it does so marvelously with Germany's designs, will be the greatest historic imposture that has been perpetrated since Constantine blazoned the name of Christ on his polluted and polluting banners. It is a peace that leaves the apparently non-victorious German as the shrewdest and completest conqueror of recorded history." (There is glorious and gorgeous English in the second as in the lyrical first war book of Herron.) Dr. Michaelis says the Reichstag and Bundesrat committee is considering Alsace and Lorraine and will speak upon that subject in a reply to the Pope. Is it possible a sop will be thrown to France to satisfy her pride and cut off her support of Great Britain as against the accomplishment of *Mittleuropa*? As Mr. Asquith was wont to say, "Wait and see!"



Purge the Prison

THERE should be more of a cleaning out of politicians in office at Missouri's state capital. What looks like graft in coal and cement and insecticides for the penitentiary has been discovered. Contractors have apparently been paid for goods never delivered. Suits have been instituted to recover the sums so paid. There is so much talk about corruption in the state's chief penal institution that people are saying out in the brush that the prison inmates might well take lessons in crookedness from their keepers. It is an axiom among penologists, as I have heard, that the Missouri penitentiary is the worst in the country, worse than Sing Sing before the brief

days of the idealist sympathetic rule of Thomas Mott Osborne. The penitentiary has been a rich pudding for practical politicians. Since Governor Gardner's installation there has been some improvement, but there is a distinct impression among the public that there is need for a more thorough reconstruction of the system of prison management and for the "canning" of some of the political "hang-overs" on the staff. If Governor Gardner has not been deprived by new laws of power to purify the prison management he should get rid of everybody about the place who stands in the way of this much-needed reform. A good beginning has been made in getting rid of the man who as commissioner of the seat of government sold coal for state institutions to state officials for their private use, and apparently pocketed the proceeds. The "firing" line should be extended so as to envelop and smash all the capital crooks.



This City's Tax Grievance

COMPTROLLER LOUIS NOLTE, of the City of St. Louis, says that if St. Louis property is assessed next year at its actual value, about \$1,000,000,000, the tax rate will be reduced from \$2.35 on the \$100 to \$1.47, and the city will be relieved of paying \$622,000 a year into the state treasury. The city also will be in a position to issue municipal bonds aggregating \$50,000,000, instead of the present limit of \$32,600,000. Then a vast plan of public improvement can be carried out and the improvements will increase values that will yield more taxes. Now St. Louis assesses its property theoretically on a basis of 70 per cent of its actual value, while many counties assess their own realty at 10 and 15 per cent of its actual value, with the result that St. Louis this year is paying to the state \$1,173,600, or about 33 per cent of the state's revenues. The burden on the city is too heavy in proportion to that borne by very many counties in the state. Assessment at actual value all over the state would be unfair to no section. The city pays the taxes the under-assessed counties should pay. If it paid only its fair proportion it could be made the finest city in the Union, for it would have the money to expend on its own development and beautification. Every community should have home rule in taxation, through separation of the sources of state and local revenue and the larger power of exemption consistent with uniformity and equality in the same objects of taxation. But the chairman of the state tax commission, Mr. Cornelius Roach, said in an official pamphlet that it would never do to let counties determine what they should not tax because then one or two counties might exempt so many things from taxation that they would attract to themselves all the wealth of the state. So the state might exempt production and wealth to an extent to draw the wealth from other states. This means that tax exemption properly applied is a way to make a state commercially and financially great. The moral of Mr. Roach's proposition lies in the application of it. Nothing should be taxed that can be taken into or out of a community. Only that should be taxed that cannot be removed and that increases as all other movable wealth increases—land value, to-wit. But until we can have that we should at least have equality of basis of assessments of all taxable values, and the only way to get that is by taxing all property at its actual value.



Government Aid for Railroads

THE railroads are doing good war work but they haven't forgot their troubles. They can't quit thinking that as the government fixes rates and thus regulates their maximum return it should also fix a minimum return. They would like to be permitted to charge higher rates, considering the higher cost of labor and equipment. But Mr. Nathan L. Amster, president of the Investor's Protective League of America, goes farther than this and advocates a loan by the government to the railroads of \$300,000,000 or \$400,000,000 out of the receipts from the next issue of Liberty bonds, to bear interest at 4 per cent. Mr.

Amster says, in last Tuesday morning's papers, that the most critical and urgent problem facing the railroads is that of financing extensions and improvements and caring for maturing obligations during the war. They cannot, he declares, sell long term bonds in competition with the United States Government, which is issuing billions of dollars of tax-exempt bonds at high interest rates; yet they are called upon to render more and better service than ever. The making of such a loan, contends Mr. Amster, is "an essential war need. Furthermore, such action would tend toward emancipating the railroads from the unhealthy domination of certain Wall street powers." The government is asked in effect to let the railroads have the use of its credit. The proposal seems startling now, but it won't later. The government is running the roads in its own way. The owners of the railroads naturally expect to be repaid for their services, at least to the extent of being enabled to put the properties in condition for serving the public after the war. To the extent that the railroads are government railroads—and they will be more rather than less so later—the government should help them to finance themselves. Mr. Amster's proposal is not so revolutionary as it seems at first glance.



Kerensky or Korniloff

Is Kerensky or Korniloff the man to organize Russia? I don't know, nor does anybody. There is an advantage with the latter: he heads an organized force, the soldiery, but how large that force may be we cannot tell. Undoubtedly a great part of the army is infected with the doctrine of non-resistance and the general literal acceptance of democracy as a thing that can dispense with leadership. Kerensky has some Cossacks with him. Korniloff has his commander on his side. The tribune relies on the huge body of railroad workers, but what value they will be in opposing the soldiery cannot now be estimated. The troops led by Korniloff are marching on Petrograd. How well the capital can be defended is problematical. The condition and the situation constitute a chaos. Russia probably is in for a civil war. Through such an agony the country will atone for her pogroms, as Belgium has atoned for the atrocities in the Congo. Whatever may be the outcome though, it does not seem likely that the Romanoffs will be restored to the throne. German intrigue is probably with Korniloff, as he is upon the whole more sympathetic to militarism than is Kerensky, but on the other hand the Kaiser may not want to help in giving Russia possibly a Napoleon who will not be amenable to Teutonic influence. An organized Russia could not be played upon, if a strong man were at its head, as Nicholas was played in the Willy-Nicky correspondence. Kerensky appears to have pursued in his leadership a policy of elimination of leaders and factions that leaves him without strong support. Lvoff and Milyukoff are said to side with Korniloff; they are democrats rather than philosophical anarchists or Tolstoyans unlimited. But one must not assert anything of the plight of Russia other than that it is desperate. The Russian minister at Washington thinks the provisional government may be saved by United States aid. This would imply that the provisional government can hold out for the length of time it will require for United States aid to reach Russia. It is possible that Kerensky has taken better precautions against his overthrow than the cablegrams would indicate. It is probable that he can improvise a stronger force to defend Petrograd than a superficial view of the crisis would seem to indicate. There is a hope that the clash of purposes and leaders may be minimized by negotiation, but how well it is founded is not calculable. Democratic sympathy here is with Kerensky of course, but it is only common sense to recognize the fact that democratic doctrinairism is not what Russia most needs at the present time. The country is invaded. Society is in process of disintegration. Government that can govern is in collapse. If the nation is to be held together against the foreign foe, the army must prevail.

Foreign attack must be frustrated and defeated first. The domestic situation can wait for adjustment. If Kerensky cannot control and use the army he will fail and fall. If he cannot keep the Germans out, he cannot organize the nation. Korniloff has the better prospect of success. But—anything may happen in Russia. The thing that should happen is that the man should win who can pull Russia together and drive the Germans out.



The German Drift to Socialism

THERE is not in the United State a more rock-ribbed Republican community than St. Louis county, Missouri. (St. Louis city is not a part of St. Louis county: this is for the benefit of MIRROR readers in other states.) Neither is there a community in the country where the population is more Germanic of origin and in language, customs and habit of mind. The other day I met a Republican leader of St. Louis county and asked him how things were going out there. "Things are going, all right, but they're not going right," he replied. "Our Germans are declaring with something approaching unanimity that they are going to vote the Socialistic ticket in elections hereafter. They have no use for Republican or Democratic party any more. They say that neither party has any use for the Germans. We may win them back, but I don't know." This politician is a man of German antecedents, too, and he spoke more in sorrow than in anger. He knows the place and the people. His statement confirms what one hears from every heavily German-leavened community—that the Germans are going in to the party that opposes the war and to that extent helps Germany. In Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, indeed throughout the west, one hears that the great body of German Lutherans is headed for the Socialist party. This means of course that German-Democrats as well as Republicans are drifting that way. Not only that, but the reported increase of one thousand per cent in the membership of the I. W. W. is accounted for as coming mostly from disaffected German-Americans. Still, I doubt this latter. German-Americans do not take kindly to I. W. W. methods of action, even though such action may interfere somewhat with our war activities against Germany. In the next general election Socialism is going to cut across all the old party lines in a way that is likely to cause startling changes in the political map of the country. This may or may not be deplorable. The point is that it is true.



To-Morrow is My Birthday

By Edgar Lee Masters

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WELL then, another drink. Ben Jonson knows,
So do you, Michael Drayton, that to-morrow
I reach my fifty-second year. But hark ye,
To-morrow lacks two days of being a month—
Here is a secret—since I made my will.

Heigh ho! that's done too! I wonder why I did it?
That I should make a will! Yet it may be
That then and jump at this most crescent hour
Heaven inspired the deed.

As a mad youngster
I knew an aged man in Warwickshire
Who used to say, "Ah, mercy me," for sadness
Of change, or passing time, or secret thoughts.
If it was spring he sighed it, if 'twas fall,
With drifting leaves, he looked upon the rain
And with a doleful suspiration kept
This habit of his grief. And on a time
As he stood looking at the flying clouds,
I loitering near, expectant, heard him say it,
Inquired, "Why do you say 'Ah, mercy me,'
Now that it's April?" So he hobbled off
And left me empty there.

Now here am I!
Oh, it is strange to find myself this age,
And rustling like a peascod, though unshelled,

And, like this aged man of Warwickshire,
Slaved by a mood which must have breath—"Tra-la!"
That's what I say instead of "Ah, mercy me."
For look you, Ben, I catch myself with "Tra-la"
The moment I break sleep to see the day.
At work, alone, vexed, laughing, mad or glad
I say, "Tra-la," unknowing. Oft at table
I say, "Tra-la." And 'tother day, poor Anne
Looked long at me and said, "You say, 'Tra-la'
Sometimes when you're asleep; why do you so?"
Then I bethought me of that aged man
Who used to say, "Ah, mercy me," but answered,
"Perhaps I am so happy when awake
The song crops out in slumber—who can say?"
And Anne arose, began to keel the pot,
But was she answered, Ben? Who knows a woman?

To-morrow is my birthday. If I die,
Slip out of this with Bacchus for a guide,
What soul would interdict the popped way?
Heroes may look the Monster down, a child
Can wilt a lion, who is cowed to see
Such bland unreckoning of his strength—but I,
Having so greatly lived, would sink away
Unknowing my departure. I have died
A thousand times, and with a valiant soul
Have drunk the cup, but why? In such a death
To-morrow shines and there's a place to lean,
But in this death that has no bottom to it,
No bank beyond, no place to step, the soul
Grows sick, and like a falling dream we shrink
From that inane which gulfs us, without place
For us to stand and see it.

Yet, dear Ben,
This thing must be; that's what we live to know
Out of long dreaming, saying that we know it.
As yesty heroes in their braggart teens
Spout learnedly of war, who never saw
A cannon aimed. You drink too much to-day,
Or get a scratch while turning Lucy's stile,
And like a beast you sicken. Like a beast
They cart you off. What matter if your thought
Outsoared the Phoenix? Like a beast you rot.
Methinks that something wants our flesh, as we
Hunger for flesh of beasts. But still to-morrow,
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace—O, Michael Drayton,
Some end must be. But 'twixt the fear of ceasing
And weariness of going on we lie
Upon these thorns!

These several springs I find
No new birth in the Spring. And yet in London
I used to cry, "O, would I were in Stratford;
It's April and the larks are singing now.
The flags are green along the Avon river;
O, would I were a Rambler in the fields.
This poor machine is racing to its wreck.
This grist of thought is endless, this old sorrow
Sprouts, winds and crawls in London's darkness.

Come
Back to your landscape! Peradventure waits
Some woman there who will make new the earth,
And crown the spring with fire."

So back I come.
And the springs march before me, say, "Behold
Here are we, and what would you, can you use us?"
What good is air if lungs are out, or springs
When the mind's flown so far away no spring
Nor loveliness of earth can call it back?
I tell you what it is: in early youth
The life is in the loins; by thirty years
It travels through the stomach to the lungs
And then we strut and crow. By forty years
The fruit is swelling while the leaves are fresh.
By fifty years you're ripe, begin to rot.
At fifty-two, or fifty-five or sixty
The life is in the seed—what's spring to you?
Puff! puff! you are so winged and light you fly
For every passing zephyr, are blown off
And drifting, God knows where, cry out "Tra-la."
"Ah, mercy me," as it may happen you.
Puff! puff, away you go!

Another drink?

Why, you may drown the earth with ale and I
Will drain it like a sea. The more I drink
The better I see that this is April time. . . .

Ben! There is one Voice which says to everything:
"Dream what you will, I'll make you bear your seed"
And, having borne, the sickle comes among ye
And takes your stalk. The rich and sappy greens
Of spring or June show life within the loins
And all the world is fair, for now the plant
Can drink the level cup of flame where heaven
Is poured full by the sun. But when the blossom
Flutters its colors, then it takes the cup
And waves the stalk aside. And having drunk
The stalk to penury, then slumber comes
With dreams of spring stored in the imprisoned
germ,

An old life and a new life all in one,
A thing of memory and of prophecy.
Of reminiscence, longing, hope and fear.
What has been ours is taken, what was ours
Becomes entailed on our seed in the spring.
Fees in possession and enjoyment too. . . .

The thing is sex, Ben. It is that which lives
And dies in us, makes April and unmakes,
And leaves a man like me at fifty-two,
Finished but living, on the pinnacle
Betwixt a death and birth, the earth consumed
And heaven rolled up to eyes whose troubled glances
Would shape again to something better—what?
Give me a woman, Ben, and I will pick
Out of this April, by this larger art
Of fifty-two, such songs as we have heard,
Both you and I, when weltering in the clouds
Of that eternity which comes in sleep,
Or in the viewless spinning of the soul
When most intense. The woman is somewhere,
And that's what tortures, when I think this field
So often gleaned could blossom once again
If I could find her.

Well, as to my plays:

I have not written out what I would write.
They have a thousand buds of finer flowering,
And over "Hamlet" hangs a teasing spirit
As fine to that as sense is fine to flesh.
Good friends, my soul beats up its prisoned wings
Against the ceiling of a vaster whorl
And would break through and enter. But, fair
friends,

What strength in place of sex shall steady me?
What is the motive of this higher mount?
What process in the making of myself—
The very fire, as it were, of my growth—
Shall furnish forth these writings by the way,
As incident, expression of the nature
Relumed for adding branches, twigs and leaves? . . .

Suppose I'd make a tragedy of this,
Focus my fancied "Dante" to this theme,
And leave my half-wit "Sappho," which at best
Is just another delving in the mine
That gave me "Cleopatra" and the Sonnets?
If you have genius, write my tragedy,
And call it "Shakespeare, Gentleman of Stratford,"
Who lost his soul amid a thousand souls,
And had to live without it, yet live with it
As wretched as the souls whose lives he lived.
Here is a play for you: Poor William Shakespeare,
This moment growing drunk, the famous author
Of certain sugared sonnets and some plays,
With this machine too much to him, which started
Some years ago, now cries him nay and runs
Even when the house shakes and complains, "I fall,
You shake me down, my timbers break apart.
Why, if an engine must go on like this
The building should be stronger."

Or to mix,

And by the mixing unmix, metaphors,
No mortal man has blood enough for brains
And stomach too, when the brain is never done
With thinking and creating.

For you see,

I pluck a flower, cut off a dragon's head—
Choose twixt these figures—lo, a dozen buds,
A dozen heads out-crop. For every fancy,
Play, sonnet, what you will, I write me out
With thinking "Now I'm done," a hundred others
Crowd up for voices, and, like twins unborn
Kick and turn o'er for entrance to the world.
And I, poor fecund creature, who would rest,
As 'twere from an importunate husband, fly
To money-lending, farming, mulberry trees,
Enclosing Welcombe fields, or idling hours
In common talk with people like the Combes.
All this to get a heartiness, a hold
On earth again, lest Heaven Hercules,
Finding me strayed to mid-air, kicking heels
Above the mountain tops, seize on my scruff
And bear me off or strangle.

Good, my friends,

The "Tempest" is as nothing to the voice
That calls me to performance—what I know not.
I've planned an epic of the Asian wash
Which slopped the star of Athens and put out,
Which should all history analyze, and present
A thousand notables in the guise of life,
And show the ancient world and worlds to come
To the last blade of thought and tiniest seed
Of growth to be. With visions such as these
My spirit turns in restless ecstasy,
And this enslaved brain is master sponge
And sucks the blood of body, hands and feet,
While my poor spirit, like a butterfly
Gummed in its shell, beats its bedraggled wings,
And cannot rise.

I'm cold, both hands and feet.

These three days past I have been cold, this hour
I am warm in three days. God bless the ale.
God did do well to give us anodynes. . . .
So now you know why I am much alone
And cannot fellow with Augustine Phillips,
John Heminge, Richard Burbage, Henry Condell,
And do not have them here, dear ancient friends,
Who grieve, no doubt, and wonder for changed love.
Love is not love which alters when it finds
A change of heart, but mine has changed not, only
I cannot be my old self. I blaspheme:
I hunger for broiled fish, but fly the touch
Of hands of flesh.

I am most passionate

And long am used perplexities of love
To bemoan and to bewail. And do you wonder,
Seeing what I am, what my life has been?
Well, hark you; Anne is sixty now, and I
A crater which erupts, look where she stands
In lava wrinkles, eight years older than I am,
As years go, but I am a youth afire
While she is lean and slippered. It's a Fury
Which takes me sometimes, makes my hands clutch
out

For virgins in their teens. O sullen fancy!
I want them not, I want the love which springs
Like flame which blots the sun, where fuel of body
Is piled in reckless generosity. . . .
You are most learned, Ben, Greek and Latin know,
And think me nature's child, scarce understand
How much of physic, law, and ancient annals
I have stored up by means of studious zeal.
But pass this by, and for the braggart breath
Ensuing now say, "Will was in his cups,
Potvaliant, boozed, corned, squiffy, obfuscated
Crapulous, *inter pocula*, or so forth.
Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country, on my honor, Shakespeare
At Stratford, on the twenty-second of April,
Year sixteen-sixteen of our Lord was merry—
Videlicet, was drunk." Well, where was I?—
Oh yes, at braggart breath, and now to say it:
I believe and say it as I would lightly speak
Of the most common thing to sense, outside
Myself to touch or analyze, this mind

Which has been used by Something, as I use
A quill for writing, never in this world
In the most high and palmy days of Greece
Or in this roaring age, has known its peer.
No soul as mine has lived, felt, suffered, dreamed
Broke open spirit secrets, followed trails
Of passions curious, countless lives explored
As I have done. And what are Greek and Latin,
The lore of Aristotle, Plato to this?
Since I knew them by what I am, the essence
From which their utterance came, myself a flower
Of every graft and being in myself
The recapitulation and the complex
Of all the great. Were not brains before books?
And even geometries in some brain
Before old Gutenberg? O fie, Ben Jonson,
If I am nature's child am I not all?
Howe'er it be, ascribe this to the ale,
And say that reason in me was a fume.
But if you honor me, as you have said,
As much as any, this side idolatry,
Think, Ben, of this: That I, whate'er I be
In your regard, have come to fifty-two,
Defeated in my love, who knew too well
That poets through the love of women turn
To satyrs or to gods, even as women
By the first touch of passion bloom or rot
As angels or as bawds.

Bethink you also
How I have felt, seen, known the mystic process
Working in man's soul from the woman soul
As part thereof in essence, spirit and flesh
Even as a malady may be, while this thing
Is health and growth, and growing draws all life,
All goodness, wisdom for its nutriment
Till it become a vision paradisiac
And a ladder of fire for climbing, from its topmost
Rung a place for stepping into heaven. . . .

This I have known, but had not. Nor have I
Stood coolly off and seen the woman, used
Her blood upon my palette. No, but heaven
Commanded my strength's use to abort and slay
What grew within me, while I saw the blood
Of love untimely ripped, as 'twere a child
Killed i' the womb, a harpy or an angel
With my own blood stained.

As a virgin shamed
By the swelling life unlicensed needles it,
But empties not her womb of some last shred
Of flesh which fouls the alleys of her body,
And fills her wholesome nerves with poisoned sleep
And weakness to the last of life, so I
For some shame not unlike, some need of life
To rid me of this life I had conceived
Did up and choke it too, and thence begot
A fever and a fixed debility
For killing that begot.

Now you see that I
Have not grown from a central dream, but grown
Despite a wound, and over the wound and used
My flesh to heal my flesh. My love's a fever
Which longed for that which nursed the malady,
And fed on that which still preserved the ill,
The uncertain, sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Has left me. And as reason is past care
I am past cure, with ever more unrest
Made frantic-mad, my thoughts as madmen's are,
And my discourse at random from the truth,
Not knowing what she is, who swore her fair
And thought her bright, who is as black as hell
And dark as night.

But list, good gentlemen,
This love I speak of is not as a cloak
Which one may put away to wear a coat,
And doff that for a jacket, like the loves
We men are wont to have as loves or wives.
She is the very one, the soul of souls,

And when you put her on you put on light,
Or wear the robe of Nessus, poisonous fire,
Which if you tear away you tear your life,
And if you wear you fall to ashes. So
'Tis not her bed-vow broke, I have broke mine,
That ruins me; 'tis honest faith quite lost,
And broken hope that we could find each other,
And that mean more to me and less to her.
'Tis that she could take all of me and leave me
Without a sense of loss, without a tear
And make me fool and perjured for the oath
That swore her fair and true. I feel myself
As like a virgin who her body gives
For love of one whose love she dreams is hers,
But wakes to find herself a toy of blood
And dupe of prodigal breath, abandoned quite
For other conquests. For I gave myself,
And shrink for thought thereof, and for the loss
Of myself never to myself restored.
The urtication of this shame made plays
And sonnets, as you'll find behind all deeds
That mount to greatness, anger, hate, disgust,
But, better, love.

To hell with punks and wenches
Drabs, mopsies, doxies, minxes, trulls and queans,
Rips, harridans and strumpets, pieces, jades.
And likewise to the eternal bonfire lechers,
All rakehells, satyrs, goats and placket fumlbers,
Gibs, breakers-in-at-catch-doors, thunder tubes.
I think I have a fever—hell and furies!
Or else this ale grows hotter i' the mouth.
Ben, if I die before you, let me waste
Richly and freely in the good brown earth
Untrumpeted and by no bust marked out.
What good, Ben Jonson, if the world could see
What face was mine, who wrote these plays and
sonnets?

Life, you have hurt me. Since Death has a veil
I take the veil and hide, and like great Caesar
Who drew his toga round him, I depart.

Good friends, let's to the fields—I have a fever.
After a little walk, and by your pardon,
I think I'll sleep. There is no sweeter thing
Nor fate more blessed than to sleep. Here, world,
I pass you like an orange to a child:
I can no more with you. Do what you will.
What should my care be when I have no power
To save, guide, mould you? Naughty world you
need me

As little as I need you; go your way!
Tyrants shall rise and slaughter fill the earth,
But I shall sleep. In wars and wars and wars
The ever-replenished youth of earth shall shriek
And clap their gushing wounds—but I shall sleep,
Nor earthly thunder wake me when the cannon
Shall shake the throne of Tartarus. Orators
Shall fulmine over London or America
Of rights eternal, parchments, sacred charters
And cut each others' throats when reason fails—
But I shall sleep. This globe may last and breed
The race of men till Time cries out "How long?"
But I shall sleep ten thousand thousand years.
I am a dream, Ben, out of a blessed sleep.—
Let's walk and hear the lark.

♦♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XXVI. THE WISEST AMERICAN HUMORIST.

A GREAT humorist must be a very wise man.
Perhaps Shakespeare is the greatest humorist
who ever wrote in the English language. It
is his discovery that angels, though they can and
do weep, cannot laugh. When we are so sad that
we cannot weep, we can laugh—as Shakespeare
thinks, because we are mortal, as angels might be
if they could laugh. I do not know about angels
or other beings higher than wood thrushes, mock-
ing birds, catbirds and red birds. As they can neither
laugh nor weep, they sing—perhaps not so well as

Shakespeare's angels, but very much better than any
laughing or weeping creature known to me.

If the sense of humor is a reaction which keeps
us alive, I am glad to have it. I can laugh at my-
self at least as easily as I can at my friends. Of
course, this does not apply to what I am doing this
year and what I expect to do next—that being too
serious for humor. But as for last year and all
previous years, I do not purpose to die or lose
sleep unnecessarily if I discover that it is all humor-
ous—a joke at my own expense! Thackeray per-
haps had more true humor than any other English-
man except Shakespeare. When he went into a
restaurant, he showed that he was ready to become
humorous by going to the last table in the rear and
seating himself so as to face the wall. He did not
wish anyone to stare at him in that condition. Some-
what later, when he looked up from his plate, he
might have felt justifiable indignation when he found
that a melancholy person "with a broken nose" was
staring him full in the face. He did not remain
indignant, because he discovered that his "eating-
house" had introduced the new fashion of filling its
rear wall with mirrors in order to double its ap-
parent capacity. The melancholy person with the
"broken nose" was the author of "Vanity Fair" and
the "Yellowplush Papers." He was often very wise
and usually very kind. But we have had one humor-
ist wiser and kinder in America, if only one. It was
Richard Saunders—"Poor Richard," as he developed
out of and back into Benjamin Franklin. In my copy
of "Poor Richard's Almanacs" from 1733 to 1758,
there are some things I wish R. Saunders had left
unsaid. Even if we need to be told that "honesty
is the best policy," and although "it is hard for an
empty sack to stand upright," I would rather R.
Saunders had walked backwards and thrown his
covering cloak over that in human nature which
makes it possible for angels to weep over us. This
must apply also to the love of all which is so near
the beast in us that when we find we are enjoying
it, we must be desperately ashamed, or else must
laugh. It was no part of the purpose of "R. Saun-
ders, Philomath," to make us desperately ashamed.
He laughs with us at himself and us, even when
Shakespeare's angels, "with our spleens," might
laugh if they could, but could not do so except at
the expense of ceasing to be immortal.

It was not as Richard Saunders but as Benjamin
Franklin, that our greatest American humorist gave
us his saddest and most humorous sentence, as he
did in advising an ambitious young friend, that
while he would have much trouble from competition
in trying to become the greatest man, he would have
little if he tried to be the best. I do not know that
this was improved when a professional humorist, now
more popular than "Poor Richard," condensed it into
"Be virtuous and you will be lonesome."

I may explain here—very seriously—that accord-
ing to the root of the word and the nature of
things, no man has a right to consider himself vir-
tuous, unless he can hold his ground in the front
rank or the rear guard when he is becoming more
and more lonesome as the line grows thinner with
the increase of those who are "changing ground,"
or turning their coats for survival. This sort of
virtue is not piety. B. Franklin did not become
pious until he was old. He knew all about be-
coming lonesome while trying to be virtuous before
he was thirty.

He was our greatest humorist, because as I think,
he was our greatest man—our greatest scientist, our
greatest politician, our greatest statesman, our great-
est educator—our greatest Liberator. He had much
to repent of. It made him so kind that when smaller
men, who could not have been in power except for
his genius, cheated him of the highest honor, due
him above any or all of them as a founder of the
new republic, he left on record no word of com-
plaint. There has lived no greater American. Yet
he believed as I believe that (regardless of "brief
authority") the "commonest" American has the high-
est greatness in him.

The Row in the Red Cross

By Margaret B. Downing

Has Miss Mabel Boardman been eliminated permanently from her exalted position in Red Cross affairs? Will the organization, which has grown to splendid proportions under her fostering care, remain under the direction of Mr. Davison and his committee of twelve or will it become a concrete division under the departments of the armed defense? As to Miss Boardman, facts are obvious as to present conditions. From a position in the administration of the National Red Cross, similar to that held by Colonel House since the coming of Woodrow Wilson, she steps into the direction of the District of Columbia activities and her voice is heard no more in the general councils. Is this merely a war contingency? Miss Boardman's friends are asking, but no one seems disposed to answer. Miss Boardman has enemies by the score who opine that she can now realize the feelings of Clara Barton when deprived of her rightfully earned honors, and this faction hopes and believes the change is to become a fixed policy.

Red Cross affairs present a complex problem, and if the government really contemplates taking them over, the better the sooner, as the slang phrase goes. The organization is torn asunder with feuds, and some of Miss Boardman's friends seem in a fair way to fall into the hands of Mr. Gregory under the provisions of the law about treasonable utterances. Nor is it a "petticoat war," as some sneeringly assert, and thereby strengthen the argument for national control, though women play the stellar roles and Clara Barton's memory is one of the issues at stake and Mabel Boardman's part in beclouding it another. Congress is involved, too, and it is said some of the lawmakers are getting red-headed over the way their mandates are flaunted by the erstwhile executive secretary of the Red Cross, Miss Boardman and her abettors. Ex-presidents, heroes of land and sea, big-wigs generally get jumbled into roles not altogether admirable in this medley of facts and charges not proven, which sounds in the history of the Red Cross from its reorganization eleven years ago.

Last spring, the House passed a bill appropriating one thousand dollars to be expended on a bronze memorial tablet to Clara Barton, to be placed in a conspicuous position in the Red Cross Memorial Building. The senate concurred in this effort of the house to do justice to a much-defamed heroine of the civil war, and added to the house phraseology, that the tablet should contain a tribute to Miss Barton as the founder of the society, in the American sense. Now this law has been ignored up to the present and friends of Miss Boardman boldly assert they do not approve of such a tablet; that they do not consider Clara Barton the founder. Though none of them has gone the length of bestowing the honor on Miss Boardman, such a sentiment is broadly conveyed in the repeated assertion that only since the reorganization has the American Red Cross been worthy the name. This is hotly contested by the thousands of faithful friends and co-workers who

know what a debt the nation owes the memory of Miss Barton. Such a state of affairs needs no commentary to make plain why some were suspicious of Red Cross methods up to the time that Mr. Davison entered and appointed his advisory board. If history hitherto accepted is permitted a voice, then Clara Barton is the founder of the American Red Cross and is so recorded in all public documents and records and in the mortuary tributes. Miss Boardman's preferences and the prejudices of her friends cannot alter that fact, nor can they defeat the will of congress about the bronze tablet. Some of Miss Boardman's friends contributed large sums of money towards the hall and they maintain that this fact entitles them to a permanent opposition to the wishes and will of congress.

Very few of those who took part in the overthrow of Clara Barton and the elevation of Miss Boardman can ponder on that episode without disquieting twinges. Not even the invulnerable Colonel Roosevelt, who was president, and the chief instrument used by Miss

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Boardman in accomplishing her ends, relishes the reopening of that chapter, such as the unveiling of the tablet ordered by congress would mean. Those who analyze the motives which led to Miss Boardman's bitter attack on the venerable lady who had founded the Red Cross in 1881 and directed its activities until 1904, say that while patriotism and the desire to effect a stronger and more cohesive organization than could exist under the leisurely methods employed by Miss Barton were large factors, the opportunity for national and international prestige was a powerful motive.

Miss Boardman is of a family that cherishes ambition, especially in the social line, and notwithstanding all that is written of the liberty granted the spinster, the fact remains that one can count on the fingers of one hand all the un-

married women who have reached national eminence. All who have succeeded possess colossal fortunes, like Helen Gould, or Anna Morgan. The Boardman estate, in comparison, is modest in the extreme. Miss Boardman, eldest daughter of the late William Boardman, held an exceptionally good social position, but as the executive secretary and general dispenser of the Red Cross she leaped into international importance. When she puts on all the decorations, medals and insignia presented by various sovereigns of Europe, she outshines the leftiest diplomat with all his blazing orders.

It required nearly two years of unceasing effort to bring about Miss Barton's final defeat. Few incidents present more sordid aspects, from the charge of misappropriation of funds, never proved,

to the essentially silly contention of Miss Boardman that the venerable woman who had performed heroic service on the battlefield during the Franco-Prussian war was a full ten years older than she acknowledged. When Miss Barton had passed away, more sinister stories were added to those already a part of the records of the congressional investigation. These reflected on the honor of the dead leader and were whispered about without any responsible authority.

Congress, during the reign of Theodore the First, was as subservient to his will as the present law-making body is to the wishes of Mr. Wilson. Miss Barton was permitted to resign and as a "concession," no action was taken against her, in regard to the misapplied funds. So the tale went, but an examination of the records shows that since the war department was to assume the suzerainty of the Red Cross, it was expedient that experienced army officers be named as executives, with the secretary of war as honorary head. Miss Boardman was made executive secretary by the same bill and became dictator with supreme executive powers, appointing aides, disbursing funds, planning campaigns. Clara Barton went into retirement and shortly after her humiliation, died in her home at Glen Echo, the victim of traducers, as her friends assert. Whether the charges against her were ill-founded or just, this country, through its lawmakers, never committed a more unchivalrous act than this one towards Clara Barton. Even Roosevelt shrinks from discussing it, and Taft, who is large of soul, has signed scores of affidavits denying that he believed the stories against Miss Barton's morality or had any part in spreading them before the public.

Among the scores of women who had known Clara Barton during the formative days of the American Red Cross, were three who have taken up the pen in her defense, and the public will receive several thrills when their story appears. One of these is Mrs. John A. Logan, widow of the General, who is endeavoring to collect funds for a stately statue in honor of the founder of the Red Cross, to be erected in a public park at the capital. The other two are responsible for the congressional appropriation for the tablet, Mrs. Theodore Boynton, widow of the first president of the Associated Press, and Mrs. Corra Bacon Foster, a charming writer on historical subjects. These loyal friends have gathered reams of testimony disproving every charge made before the congressional board of inquiry and they are pushing the matter of the tablet in a way which will bring the issue to a crisis.

No one denies the faithful, intelligent service which Miss Boardman has rendered the Red Cross or the splendid business methods substituted for the obsolete ways of her predecessor. It is the manner in which she gained control which brings her under fire. It has been said she has used her private fortune in many ways to benefit the organization and that she put in daily for more than ten years, a full working day, without a penny of remuneration. But her critics aver the prestige she enjoyed more than offset monetary considerations. There are four positions in

Washington which confer dignity almost equal to that enjoyed by a cabinet officer's wife; the president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution; the head of the Red Cross and the presidents of the George Washington Memorial and of the Mount Vernon Association. Miss Boardman has made at least a dozen trips abroad during her incumbency and has received almost royal honors, not to mention the bejeweled symbols bestowed by grateful monarchs. Far more than Miss Barton has she emphasized the international aspect of the Red Cross.

Under George P. Davison and the council of twelve, Red Cross methods are far from satisfying those who objected to Miss Boardman. Certain it is that money is spent like water and there is a confusing duplication in almost every department. Clerks who formerly received ten dollars a week now get twenty-five, which is, of course, a good thing and to Mr. Davison's credit. But, insist the critics, why not give a detailed statement about expenditures, explaining to the last penny how this money so cheerfully and generously subscribed by the people is being used. Ugly stories about salaries disquiet even the most patriotic. How is that permanent fund invested? Mr. Davison talks frankly about how the income is spent but never a word about the placing of the big sum which rolled up to one hundred million dollars and which he says should be increased to ten times its present size in order to meet all the demands. Before John Skelton Williams made war on the Riggs bank, that establishment was the custodian of the Red Cross funds. After Mr. Williams lost his suit against Charles Glover, the money was withdrawn and deposited here and there. Since "pitiless publicity" is the shibboleth as to war measures, why not have it on this score. Give the list of banks which are custodians of Red Cross funds. Give the salary of each and every employee. Give the business concerns which are getting the contracts. Mr. Creel's little daily, *The Official Bulletin*, should be available for such a purpose and it would go a long way towards restoring confidence somewhat shaken by factions within, and the mind-your-own-business tactics of the civilians strutting about with military titles.

Governmental control does not seem the desideratum—not with those who know something about federal activities in the main. Under genuine army men it would prosper and increase in every good way, but army men now are loaded down with what is properly their duty. They can not assume a feather's weight more responsibility. Reserve officers are eloquent types of "man, proud man, clothed with a little brief authority" they can discourage or enrage, or in some other way render futile the efforts of a hundred men and women in a very short space of time. One solution is to have the government take over the fund, as it has the endowment of the Smithsonian Institute, name an advisory board of men and women above suspicion of ulterior motive and permit them to direct the Red Cross energies and place all salaried employees under the civil service board or at least to make the directors answerable to someone about the spending of funds. At present they

are seemingly as absolute as von Hindenburg and just a trifle less domineering. It would be a wise move for all registered under the banner of the Red Cross to demand that the will of congress in the matter of erecting the memorial to Clara Barton in the handsome new hall be obeyed. For the present condition to prevail is a scandal, which will react against the integrity of the society as a body and against individual members. No one can consistently follow the traditions of the Red Cross and endorse a policy of injustice towards its venerated American founder. Washington, D. C., Sept. 10, 1917.

Letters From the People

The Lowbrow Pussyfist Menace

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The other night I lost an hour in talking and listening to talk when I should have put corks in my ears and a gag in my mouth. I came very near to committing justifiable homicide upon the person of a human brother; as it was, I stopped short of that and told him to go to Germany, where mistakenly I thought that he belonged.

This fellow who escaped my righteous wrath in just the nick of time is a pussyfist. He is not like the highbrow pussyfists who preach the doctrine of turning the other jowl and letting Attila rape their wives and daughters at will. No; he is a lowbrow pussyfist; but, being, I fear, but an individual of an exceedingly numerous type, he is in the bulk perhaps more of a menace than the peace at the price of wife-rape pussyfist.

This human brother of mine hates England and all things English; that is, he thinks he does. He is opposed most violently and vociferously to our going over there "to fight in England," as he expressed it, and help England out of her hole. At that period in the conversational melee I assumed, charitably, that he spoke of our fighting in England through inadvertence in the haste and heat of debate.

We talked on. I drew for him baby-word diagrams of instruction in the rudiments of this-war comprehension. Freely I admitted that I also cherish no special affection for the English. In fact, I confessed—and in the flaming of the furore without shame—that I held personal prejudices against the English partly because of former intimate domestic associations with one English family, by way of matrimony, which gnawed my soul and even yet, after the lapse of well nigh twenty years, sometimes causes said soul to break into a running sore when I lose self-control and become mean and little and contemptible.

My diagrammatic elucidations elucidated not. My errant human brother frothed away. We were fighting to help England out of her hole. He was firm-set against sending our young men over there, or going himself—and he is of the draftable age—when England four times has tried to whip us and re-annex us. She wants to re-annex us now, by gosh! That's what she's—

"But, my dear fellow," I cut in, benevolently, "I know of only twice when

You can read it plainly at night



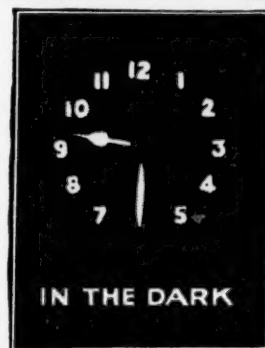
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England has fought us: the war of the revolution and the war of 1812."

"Well, how about the Spanish war?" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

"What had the Spanish war to do with England?"

"Well"—more triumphantly—"wasn't Spain a British colony?"

That was the immediate point whereat I softened toward my helpless human brother. I was glad I had not killed him; sorry I had told him to go to—go to Germany and fight with his friends. I approached him on bended and creaking knee-hinges, offered my hand, begged for forgiveness for my harshness.

"No; don't go to Germany, brother," I said, gently, if sadly; "go to a kindergarten."

The sorrowful thing is that most of our lowbrow pussyfists are pussyfisting from sheer, hopeless, helpless, unimaginable ignorance.

Let us be kind to babies. Grown-ups whose minds had infantile paralysis early and never recovered from it are

infants to be pitied, not put out of the way with spiked bludgeons. For them a special school should be instituted. Even yet some of them might learn enough to gag themselves when in the company of adult-minded men.

Brother, your pussyfist—here's mine!
BERT LOVE.

NOTA BENE: Another human brother just has informed me that the one who thought Spain was an English colony is a graduate of an accredited high school with a four-year course.

His teachers should be kindergartened before serving.

Tulsa, Okla., Sept. 9, 1917.

Fun in an Old Book Catalog

By George Dock

Humor has not been lost in the war, at least not on the Allied side. It is singularly lacking in the publications of the Central Powers that reach us and if any appears in private works, the exploits of the German navy have not permitted it to reach these shores. Someone may say that the sign on the ruins of Péronne, "*nicht aergern, wundern*," is humorous, but that may be doubted. The author probably took it seriously.

I have just found some examples in an unexpected place, in a second-hand book catalog, and as it is not likely to have wide circulation in the original, some specimens may be welcome to others. To be sure, most of the humor is rather grim, almost a "gallows humor."

The source is "The Piccadilly Series, No. 60," of Henry Sotheran & Co., London, 1917. The catalogue is devoted to Anthropology, Folklore, Archaeology and Sociology, and includes a large (3,695 items) and extremely valuable collection. The usual bibliographical notes are full and interesting, and added to them are the others from which I select a fairly representative set. The war gives most of the motives, but many reflect other features of the present era.

An extract from the preface of Bluntschli's "Theory of the State" ends with: "He may push his 'organic' or 'psychologic' conception of the state to an amusing extreme." To this is added, "The amusement has now changed to the horror of witnessing the unveiled polity of hell."

The "Ascent of Man" of Henry Drummond elicits the remark: "A once celebrated 'Reconciliation of Religion and Science.' The basis of reconciliation has now descended from bastard physical analogies to blind belief in Bond street mediums."

Galton's "English Men of Science: Their Nature and Nurture" has: "Sir Francis Galton died too soon to investigate the nature and nurture which developed Professors Haeckel and Ostwald and their endless fellows into the dehumanized Man of the future Museum of Psychological Teratology."

After Keller's "Societal Evolution:" "Why will people invent such hard words?"

On Louise Jordan Miln's "Wooings and Weddings in Many Climes:" "For some reason the authoress hates the Swiss."

Mone's "*Geschichte des Heidenthums*:" "A bigger book than this, alas! will now have to be written in the history of

heathendom in Central Europe in the twentieth century, A. D., which would have filled the author with grief."

Nieboer's "Slavery as an Industrial System:" "The author was unable to anticipate the revival of slavery for conquered nations as an operation of war."

Platz's "*Die Völker der Erde*" (1889-93) has: "Gross-Britannien gets 16 pages, and the sole illustration of its inhabitants is a mutton-chop-whiskered gentleman with an alpenstock, dressed in gaiters, striped trousers, a check jacket and a bowler hat, doubtless considered in the author's cloister a typical English Protestant."

Prichard's "Ethnography of Europe" calls for an extract from the preface, with a quotation from St. Augustine, "which may be applied in its bearing on the problem of immortality, as regards which the wonder and mystery of our human personality when alive is worth all the stories ever told of yapping spooks, which would only imply a finite physical survival even if true."

Samuelson's "Civilization of our Day" including useful contributions by various authors, among others Max Müller: "Many of the articles are really 'Victorian' in the cant sense, and most amusing examples of pertinent self-satisfaction over the blockish vulgar of the past by Superior Persons, of whom Professor Max Müller on religion is characteristically the perkier."

Of "The Theosophist: a Magazine of Oriental Philosophy, etc.," the note is: "Rasputin's ghost must feel he had hard lines."

Wood's "Natural History of Man: the Manners and Customs of the Uncivilized Races" is annotated: "This does not include the Germans."

Brown's "Paleolithic Man in N. W. Middlesex: the Evidence of his Existence and the Physical Conditions under which he lived in Ealing and its Neighborhood:" "According to the frontispiece the female population of Ealing at that time wore even scantier clothing than was fashionable in that and other residential suburbs in the years 1914-15 A. D."

Smith's "Man the Primeval Savage" has, "And some of him the contemporary savage too, from Königsberg to Cologne."

Americus Featherman, who published a "Social History of the Races of Mankind" in 1887-8, has an appreciative review from the *Athenæum* and the following: "The author, a Bavarian who crossed to America in his seventeenth year and later held office under the Confederate states, nevertheless in his prefaces fulminates in a remarkable manner against the military and oppressive habits of mankind in general. What he would have said about the reversion to a savagery more ferocious than primeval barbarism by the empire of which his old country became a part may be imagined by his readers."

To the item Maxwell, Sir W. E., "Malay Proverbs," we read: "Proverb No. 198 would come well home to the German private soldier: 'In life we are encompassed by regulations, in death by the mould of the grave.'"

Crowther's "Vocabulary of the Yoruba Language," 1843, has: "Probably the first publication of Bishop Crowther,

the son of full-blooded negro parents and himself a slave, who to the discomfort of Grant Allen died a very old man and never went Fantee, a reversion to primeval savagery reserved for modern German professors and University-bred officers."

Dennett's "At the Back of the Black Man's Mind" (1906), calls forth: "The frontispiece is of very remarkable interest. It is the Nail-Fetish of the Kibenda, and is identical in type and general appearance, as it is only partially nailed, with the great Hindenburg Nail-Fetish in Berlin."

Of Mary Kingsley, after a note on her "West African Studies," we read: "A German Mary Kingsley, or any other Kingsley, is unthinkable."

Of E. D. Morel, Congo reformer, it is said: "Mr. Morel has not yet explained the difference between slavery and mutilation on the Congo and daylight rape, murder and slave-driving in Belgium, France, Poland and the high seas."

The unspeakable Carl Peters brings out in his "Eldorado of the Ancients:" "This was to have been the Eldorado of the Germans, but General Smuts ended that." On his "New Light on Dark Africa:" "The author will be remembered as having been in his time the worst man in German East Africa, but since the war he has been surpassed by many German East African educated officials, such as those who packed a number of English women and children with forty natives into one large railway wagon and would not let a single one leave it for a moment for two whole days."

Rasmussen's "People of the Polar North," illustrated by Count Harald Moltke, suggests that "The illustrator probably located many good berths for submarines while going North to make his sketches for the book."

Freiherr Fr. Wilhelm Bissing, by his work on "*Denkmäler Aegyptischer Skulptur*," 1911, suggests: "It is uncertain whether the author has the misfortune to be a kinsman of the late executioner of Nurse Cavell."

Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History" suggests that "The great name of the grandfather of our late ambassador at Vienna may remind us of a time when humanity and honor were not quite to seek even among Prussian statesmen."

Thompson's "Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia," 1903, is "Of great interest; but not equal to the Devils and Evil Spirits of Germany, and the Hymns of Hate and other incantations offered to them by the State Protestant Sorcerers, as quoted in Dr. Bang's 'Hurrah and Hallelujah.'"

Ollone in his "*Derniers Barbares, Chine, Tibet, Mongolie*," 1911, says: "*Nous aurons vu les derniers Barbares*." "He could not anticipate the Germans only three years after."

Hilton's "Pfahlgraben and Saalburg in Germany" has the gloss: "The Saalburg in the Taunus was a valuable Roman remnant; it is now a characteristic example of German barbarism. A mass of sham restorations have been built on the Roman foundation by order of William the Witless, who exhibited himself

in his favorite fashion at its inauguration in 1903."

Poor old Rudolph Sohm, Professor of Ecclesiastical Law in Leipzig, whose "Institutes" of Roman Private Law sells for nine shillings, gets: "Prof. Sohm's is a considerable name, but there is something absurd in a modern German writing seriously about law."

Charles Mackay, author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," whose "Gaelic Etymology" is in the list, elicits: "There has been no Tennyson and no Charles Mackay for the Greatest War."

Maury's "*Forêts de la Gaule et de l'ancienne France*" raises the question: "How many of them have been cut down and used against France by the savages since the war began?"

Emil Friedberg's "*Lehrbuch des Katholischen und evangelischen Kirchenrechts*" reminds the editor: "Evangelischen" refers to the Soulless State creature, the 'Evangelical' Prussian establishment, made by Frederic William III in 1817, by jamming together the Lutheran and Reformed bodies into one, so that ethics have followed faith into the raging limbo of modern German professorial paganism." (Our own newspaper writers almost without exception speak of the German State Church as "Lutheran.")

Clement Miller's "Christmas in Ritual and Traditions," 1912, is "A scholarly and reverent book, covering a wide range, and including at end a bibliography." Under the "Christmas Tree" it quotes: "The German is himself simple, warmhearted, unpretentious, with something at the bottom of him which is childlike in the best sense. He is the best 'Naturmensch' in civilization. Alas!"

The church historian, Neander, serves to remind us that "The Prussians cannot take credit for the Christian spirit of Neander. He was born a Jew, and was a kinsman of the Mendelssohns."

Rule's "History of the Inquisition" proves that "The Inquisition had not much to teach the jailors of the pest-camp at Wittenberg."

Helfferich, who wrote on "*Entstehung und Geschichte des Westgothen-Rechts*," "May or may not have been a kinsman of the unhappy minister now engaged in steering the submarine of German Imperial finance into the maelstrom of national repudiation."

George Neilson's "Trial by Combat," 1890, has the interesting gloss: "A good popular historical sketch (Sonnen-schein), and the only English monograph on the subject. The right to claim it existed by law till 1819, when Abraham Thornton, accused of murdering Mary Ashford of Erdington, Warwickshire, during his trial challenged her brother to mortal combat, and was set free on the latter prudently declining the challenge; after this an act was passed to take the right away. In 1917 the convict Wheeldon seems to have thought that she still had the right to claim trial by Ordeal, but even if she had been granted it it would have been a poor substitute for a trial by Combat of nails and hair with Mr. Lloyd-George."

A "Collection of the Earliest Editions" of Mother Shipton's "Prophecies" suggests that "The old hag should now be living in clover in Bond street, and

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selling mascots under the patronage of the war office."

A copy of Grimm's "Tales" translated by L'Héritier de l'Ain has the interesting note on the flyleaf, supposed to have been written by Prof. Atkinson, who died in 1908: "It is a melancholy sign of the brutality of the times in Germany two or three hundred years ago, that common acts of courtesy are always represented as being richly rewarded by supernatural beings. These tales seem to tell the story of an oppressed race."

Wagner's "Vorzeit," containing, among other things, the "Nordisch-germanische Götter und Helden," suggests: "The Teutonic Pantheon as the conscious inspiration of modern Germany will be found henceforth by civilized Europe more than ever lacking in charm, even with the help of Wagnerian music to make it go down."

Zeuss' "Die Deutschen und ihre Nachbarstämme," 1837, suggests: "The Nachbarstämme little guessed what they were in for in 1914—but never again!"

Of Petrovitch's "Hero Tales and Legends of the Serbians" it is noted that it "has the tragic interest of having been published just as the plot against mankind was about to burst. It is dedicated to M. Paschitch, and M. Miyatovich's preface is dated from Belgrade on June 28, 1914" (the day the archduke and his wife were killed).

♦♦♦

The Man who was Ninety-Nine

By John Higgins

Into the little room where Mehaul Ruadh lay dead for all the world to see, the sunlight poured like a spray revealing its dusty dinginess. The four wax candles, tormented by a steady beam, threw up a languid, forlorn flame as if ashamed of their artificiality. Occasionally, with an effect of abandoned restraint, they shot up yellow and smoky, throwing momentary shadows across the impassive pallor of Mehaul Ruadh, with his haggard fingers entwined across a brown habit and his crazy halo of hair. Mehaul Ruadh, brushed and combed, looking far cleaner in death than he was wont to do in life! Mehaul Ruadh, who for the prestige of his daughter and his own memory might have had "Aged 100 years" inscribed on his breast plate, if he had not been ungracious enough to die with only one month to go. There was no sense in upsetting calculations like that. A century of life gives a sense of distinction, a smooth round-off completeness. Ninety-nine is a fine praiseworthy age, but ninety-nine years and eleven-twelfths of a year is neither fish, flesh nor fowl.

As if under penalty each woman as she came to gaze on his cadaverous senility, with a fine air of finding nothing fearful in the dead, commented with a sympathetic simper on his peacefulness. Prolonged practice in the etiquette of wakes produces an appropriate sort of self-deception and ascribes to rigidity, toothlessness and decay an attribute of attraction. A few words of condolence with Mehaul Ruadh's daughter, a stony middle-aged matron with black lines of weariness under her expressionless eyes, and the good-natured women subsided

into committee to discuss the hardness of the times, their domestic worries, their neighbors in respectful undertones.

But the expressionless woman moving among them like her own ghost, sharing out cake or wine or snuff, responding mechanically to their queries with a limp used-up languor that passed for sorrow, was not deceived. In her tired brain there was commingled a mixture of remorse and ecstasy, strained dutifulness and relief so real and engrossing as to dwarf the realities into a confusion of shadowy figures and impersonal voices—one should be sorry for one's own father. Heaven and earth, yes! What was the meaning of grief at all if it did not exist with the spectacle of a lifeless parent? How did one betray grief? Swimming eyes, tears, sniffing, being carried away with swollen livid features. A king's ransom would not have purchased a tear from her. Crazy apostrophes, hysterics?—no. She wasn't mad. She felt a sense of abasement, of abandonment, of being beyond a pale, as it were, in the face of her filial defects. Why was she not like other women before the clay of their fathers, honestly and genuinely overcome? For the fortieth time she recited the sordid details of how Mehaul Ruadh in one of his rare recurrences of sanity called

querulously for a cup of tea, and unexpectedly died before the cup could be raised to his lips. From the subdued little mob of voices odd fragments of gossip encroached on her introspection like tiny jetsam beached from a flood.

"A great age! The people now are different."

"Four-and-sixpence a yard, I thank you."

"A chumour or something the doctor called it."

"—and not a sinner to ask him if he had a mouth on him."

"Miss him! Yes!—but isn't it a relief to her?"

Ah! there was a sensible woman now. Mehaul Ruadh's daughter looked with a gleam of interest at the venerable crony nibbling a biscuit on the understanding that it was out of question to stretch over for another. She would miss him—the bony, dishevelled spectre crouched in the corner with his febrile ravings, his helplessness, the mummy-skin setting for his little eyes. Miss him surely—but with relief. All the virtues become strained and placid under the pressure of ugly monotonous domesticity—love, respect, honor. Why, Mehaul Ruadh was only part of the day's work. She—but a superstitious stab of terror strangled down the pagan discovery that

she hated her father. A Christian to hate a father! She did not hate Mehaul Ruadh, that is to say—but—

And the dark nights when she lay awake listening to his crazy maundering with folk long in their legitimate clay, and his falsetto cackle that always brought on a tumult of coughing—she would miss all that. An expansive yawn caught deftly in the palm of her hand testified to an instant's luxurious anticipation of undisturbed nights without end. No more uneasy slumbering, no more tortured wakefulness and lying in the dark with Mehaul Ruadh's incessant gibberish to raise up fancies of ghosts and wandering souls! No more clumsy cooking before dawn, no more struggling with his wayward wits, no more rough-and-ready ministering, no more shifting and stirring, no more cruel burning flashes of anger arising from her bodily stresses and overborne cajolery when in the black loneliness she could have choked the whimpering whine in his throat, when the fact of a father seemed like the curse of possession! Henceforth her nights would be great tranquil gifts of forgetfulness. The very illusion of that thin mumbling would only intensify the delicious contrast. How she would lie back drowsily in complete abandonment to the exqui-

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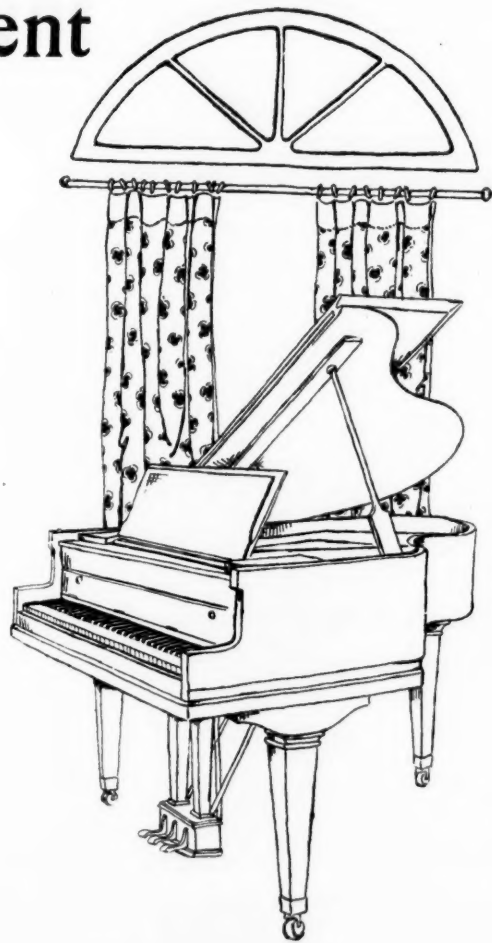
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site numbness of her senses—oh! what was she thinking about? Pull herself together! What would these people say if they knew what was passing in her mind? Were they so unlike her after all? All their placid benevolence was only a sham, perhaps. Under cover of their monotonous primness and unruffled outlook might there not be a lurking place for the forbidden impishness that proclaimed things ugly that were ugly, that knew the devil when he appeared? She had a blurred vision of life as a living lie, as a freakish reversal, as a mantle of years worn wrong side out. Her mouth drooped with eloquent impressiveness at the forty-first recital of the tea incident.

In the small, overcrowded kitchen with its unnecessary fire, there was an atmosphere of sweatiness and discomfort. The smoke of a dozen pipes hung like a rank omen about the rafters until pinioned by a chance draught it dived doorwards, and was rent by the breeze. Sprawling on the table, huddled into corners or sitting precariously two to a chair, the men sustained a haphazard conversation, but ever with a consciousness of the respect due to a dead man and a dead man's daughter. One only enjoyed the privilege of an entire chair, a busy man with a ponderous watch chain and a steaming forehead. He had a sonorous, reassuring voice, a comfortable dogmatic sort of personality, and a way of answering questions suggestive of a judge summing up strongly against a murderer. Even if his overflowing plumpness did not entitle him to a whole seat, anything falling one iota short of the exact definition of a chair would be almost *Jésu majesté* to a man who read the papers, knew the Scriptures and was never beaten for a homely recipe. The masterful boom of his voice that had the faculty of compelling silence and attracting attention expanded into the room in the single word—"nonsense."

The passionless woman blinked herself into taking interest with a pitying afterthought for the bushy owner of the voice. Just as big a fool as the rest of them! His bulky complacency would never impose on her again as wisdom. He was healthy, well-to-do, he had an obedient wife and children. His philosophy had never known the test of endless vigils at the bedside of an unreasonable, ghoulish old man. She figured him on the kitchen floor ostentatiously wise and gesticulating, rolling out unequivocal scraps of information. "Nonsense! Cohumrilles' prophecy—a humbug, a myth!"

How much of his mellifluous wisdom was a myth? How many lies went to the making of an orderly, respectable life—how many deceptions and self-deceptions, stamped down inquiries, how much capable pretense? Eh! Mustn't think like that, no. Of course, the man was right and she was wrong. They were all right. And yet—

The passionless eyes dilated under the shock of a sudden discovery. They were like the eyes of a startled rabbit. She was dead, too. *Dead*—only not in the way Mehaul Ruadh was dead.

"Dear, dear!" said a meek woman softly, noting the eyes, "Oh, the sorra!"

A momentary shadow traversed the room as a little group passed by the

window outside, bearing the coffin. Just in time. The forty-second recital of how Mehaul Ruadh's pupils whirled aloft under his eyelids would be spared her. Four of the name to carry the coffin to the hearse—that was right. A Christian desire that everything should go off well agitated her. With the rest of the women she was bundled out of the room. She had to begin the forty-second recital after all.

"He asked for the tea just as ever—Oh! here they come."

"Don't now—don't," said her companion. But there were no tears.

Slowly the procession moved up the laneway and turned to climb the hill. As it reached the summit it would be possible to count the vehicles. One, two, three—she didn't expect THAT car to be at her father's funeral. There was bound to be an appropriate reference to the size of the procession in the local paper, she thought, tabling off the units in her mind.

Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen.

"Don't torment yourself at that door," said the old woman allotted to remain with her. "Away now."

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Twenty-three, twenty-four, TWENTY-FIVE.

At her father's funeral—twenty-five cars. Fancy! One by one the spectral candles were snuffed out. Twenty-five cars. The white bed had an eloquent emptiness and the pillow curved to the shape of Mehaul Ruadh's head recalled her fancies. She yawned freely, luxuriously.

"It's a queer thing," she whispered to the silence, "for a woman not to shed a tear for her father."—From *The Lantern* (San Francisco).

Coming Shows

William Collier, first-rank comedian, after playing for a solid year to capacity audiences at the Longacre theatre, New York, in James Montgomery's wonderful farce, "Nothing but the Truth," will open the regular season at the Shubert-Garrick theatre next Sunday evening. "Nothing but the Truth" is a play on a novel theme, namely that the cardinal virtue of the title may be carried too far. The over-practice of truth leading

almost to ruination develops situations provocative of more laughs than can be tabulated on an adding machine. This comedy broke the record at the Longacre theatre, and ran longer than any piece ever played by Mr. Collier. The original cast direct from the New York run will constitute the support for Mr. Collier, and includes such able farceurs as Rapley Holmes, Charles Walton, Ned A. Sparks, Arnold Lucy, Betty Wales, Lillian Lawrence, Ione Bright and Mary Harper.

❖

Joseph E. Howard, famed in musical comedy, comes to the Orpheum commencing at matinee Monday, in the "Musical Revue," a summary of the various Howard musical compositions, with proper scenic settings and a company of forty players to enact the songs. Alan Brooks, author-comedian of "Straightened Out" and other well-known vaudeville successes, will be an extra feature, assisted by Miss Olive Walker and Jack Leslie. Other acts on the bill include Herbert Clifford in his travesties of the weaker sex; Golet, Harris & Morey in a melange of mirth, melody and music; Hiram &

Irene Marmein, pantomime and decorative dancers; Myrtle Young and Jack Waldron in "Dance and Grow Thin," and Hubert Dyer, assisted by Ben Coyne in a laugh-a-second act.

Laughs and thrills and tears punctuate "The Millionaire's Son and the Shop Girl," a new melodrama, by W. C. Herman, which George Klimt will present at the American theatre for one week, commencing with next Sunday's matinee. This is not one of the too numerous recent white slave or vice plays, but is clean and wholesome and brimming with delightful comedy. *Katie Hogan* is a good girl, who, struggling against early environment and trying to make something of herself, interests her employer's son, who comes to love her. Among the interesting characters the author sets in action around her is a very amusing stenographer who sets forth her idea of life in most amusing slang. Mr. Klimt has provided excellent scenic settings for the players he himself has selected and rehearsed.

At the Grand Opera House for the week starting next Monday, Hugo Jansen will present as headline feature of the bill, "The Fashion Shop," a novel musical comedietta with Corr and Latell and Alphonse Berg and a beauty chorus of Broadway models, introducing the creation, within two minutes, without sewing or cutting, of Parisian fashions upon living forms. A clever and original act entitled "Through the Looking Glass," will be offered by Adele Sturtevant, Delight Howell and Bertha Martin. Gordon and Rica, versatile entertainers, will contribute "A Cycle of Surprises." Other numbers on the programme are: Detzel and Carroll, presenting "Some Doctor;" Chyo and Chyo, entertainers from the orient; Princess Verona, selections on the carimbaphone; Billy Morse, the burnt cork comic; Andre sisters, songs and sayings; Goldie and Mack, singing, talking and dancing; the latest Keystone comedies and the Universal animated weekly.

Charles H. Waldron serves up to the burlesque-loving public something exceptionally good every year and his aim is always to make an offering a little better than any one which went before it. His "Bostonian Burlesquers" at the Gayety theatre next week, commencing with Sunday matinee, not only maintains but advances his reputation for quantity and quality. The piece is in two acts and ten scenes and is called "Lil' Ole New York." It is original and not a mere hodge-podge of "lifted" stuff. The cast is of unprecedented quality, headed by Frank Finney, the author, as well as the comedian star of the play, and Phil Ott, his famous co-worker. Other well-known burlesquers completing the cast are: George Mack, Bobby Van Horn, Jimmy Hunter, Nettie Nelson, Kathryn Dickay, Rose Bernard and Caprice, the clever dancer.

Here are some favorites who will appear with "The Parisian Flirts" at the old, classical vaudeville house, the Standard theatre next week: May Barnhart, Grace Lewis, Freda Leher, Jerry Fleming, Al Raymo, Billy Kelly, Johnnie Cook, Willie Mack and the Dancing

Demons. Charles Robinson (himself) stars in as well as directs the flirts from the city of light. The opening piece is in seven scenes illuminated by many beautiful girls and there will be two fast farces. Two frolics daily.

Marts and Money

They feel a trifle better on the Wall street exchange. There's talk that the downward movement is about over, and that extensive short contracts await cancellation. Powerful banking interests are credited with the fixed purpose of supporting the market henceforth in all hours of peril. All the bad factors and features, including peace, we are told, are "discounted." In support of this theorizing, it is pointed out that the quotations for some leading industrial, mining, and railroad stocks rallied three to seven points from the latest serious depression, and that the protective orders came suddenly and in great volume. United States Steel common, which bore the brunt of bear attacks for some days, advanced from 104½ to 109¾, Anaconda Copper, from 64 to 71, New York Central, from 74 to 77¾, and Industrial Alcohol, from 126 to 132½. The fact that such important issues as Bethlehem Steel and General Electric have established new minimum levels since the culmination of the primary recovery is lightly overlooked. The B stock of the first-named corporation is down to 100; it was worth 114 a little over a week ago. The week's net decline in the price of General Electric amounts to \$10. The present figure of 137 compares with 171¾ on January 26 last. In regard to these renewed outbursts of liquidation in some conspicuous quarters, it should be remembered that they are not unprecedented. Such selling is almost invariably witnessed after a violent destructive movement has terminated. Business shows a material falling off. More than 1,000,000 shares were transferred the day Steel common touched 104½; the latest daily turnover was about 480,000. It is axiomatic in Wall street that a dull spell follows both a big advance and a big break. Developments in the next few days will bear close watching. They should indicate whether the optimistic view of the state of the market will be fulfilled. The recoveries in the values of most of the representative railroad shares have not been of real importance thus far. They vary from one to two points. Relative to the "heaviness" of stocks of this class, there are hints that it is the result of liquidation of collateral that had been put up in 1916 against loans granted to France and Great Britain. That may be so. Yet—one should think that the financiers representing the two governments should have seen the wisdom of selling while prices were from ten to thirty points higher than they are to-day. A year ago, Union Pacific common was rated at 150; the present quotation is 128; for New York Central, the respective figures are 110 and 77¾; for Reading common, 112 and 81½; for Great Northern, 124 and 103½, and for Baltimore & Ohio common, 85 and 66¾. Similar depreciation is denoted in the values of such superior industrial stocks as British and French capitalists had been in

"Saving for Investment"

What do you do with your surplus funds when they pass the \$500 mark?

Have you studied the difference between investing in enterprises, ownerships and obligations?

How do you choose between good bonds and others?

The writer of "Saving for Investment" has endeavored to answer these questions. His answers may interest you. A copy of the booklet is yours on request.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company

FOURTH and PINE

the habit of buying in pre-war times.

The brisk rebounds in the quotations for steel and copper certificates were furthered by statements to the effect that the government had decided to pay \$68 for steel (per ton), and 25 cents per pound for copper. Subsequent denials caused only moderate concessions. It was noted with pleasure in bull offices that the prices of copper hardened a bit in response to the rumors from Washington. The ruling average quotation for electrolytic is 25 cents, as compared with 37 in the early part of the year. American Smelting & Refining common did not play a brilliant part in the recovery, a further notable rise in the value of silver notwithstanding. The latter now is quoted at 96½ cents in New York. It is reliably reported that sales have been made, lately, at \$1 per ounce in the San Francisco market, where heavy purchases continue to be made for India and China. There was generous selling of Mercantile Marine shares, at receding quotations, when dispatches from Washington strongly hinted that the government intended to commandeer a considerable number of the company's ships, and to cut freight rates from 55 to 75 per cent. The current price of Mercantile Marine preferred is 86; just about a year ago, sales were made at 125¾. This is a 6 per cent stock, the first semi-annual dividend of \$3 was paid last April. There is 82 per cent still unpaid. The collapse in the value of the shares would no doubt have assumed more striking proportions if traders had not been favored with talk that the company was purchasing them with a view towards reducing the amount in arrears. Atlantic, Gulf & West Indies common stock, which rose from 56 to 147¾ in 1916, is now rated at 95. Holders receive 5 per cent. They got 1 per cent extra recently. The readjustment in values of shipping shares must have been extremely painful to thousands of speculators who could descry no end to the crazy boom in 1916. But it will enable thrifty insiders to repurchase their former holdings at low figures. "Heads, I win; tails, you lose!" What a charming, sure-thing game it all is in old Wall street. New York financial institutions are getting ready for floating another \$3,000,000,000 installment of the liberty loan in October. This, together with the contraction in surplus reserves, accounts for the continued stiffness of the money market. Time loans now are quoted at 5½ to 5¾ per cent.

The average rate for call funds is 4 per cent. Save for the liquidating movement on the stock exchange, with its incidental release of many millions of dollars that had been invested in optional loans, interest charges would undoubtedly be still higher than they are at the moment. President Wilson's edict prohibiting exports of gold, except for special, authorized purposes, created a good impression in financial circles. It had, indeed, been expected for some weeks, owing to the increasing outflow of yellow metal to Spain and Japan, the latter country in especial. It is keenly realized that the tremendous cost of the war, the growing output of reserve notes, and the highly problematic course of affairs after the ending of the conflict make it imperative that our holdings of \$3,000,000,000 gold be closely guarded against serious depletion. In the foreign exchange department, attention is focussed chiefly upon the rate for Russian rubles. At present this is 16½ cents—a new low point. We are given to understand that there was heavy buying of Russian rubles when the New York rate fluctuated between 30 and 40 cents. Necessarily, the quotations for Russian bonds, floated wholly or in part in the United States, follow the fluctuations in exchange. The 5½s are rated at 68; the 6½, at 79. These figures imply depreciation of nearly twenty points. Sight drafts on London are quoted at 5.75½; this denotes a trifling decline from the level of a week ago. Exchange on Paris is quoted at 5.78½ francs; parity is 5.19. Italian lire have dropped to 7.70; in this case, also, parity is 5.19. It is not without significance that the growing weakness in exchange rates should coincide with a great advance in the quotation for silver.

The September report of the department of agriculture forecasts a corn harvest of 3,248,000,000 bushels; a total wheat harvest of 668,000,000, and an oats harvest of 1,533,000,000. The yields of corn and oats will be the biggest in our history. That of wheat will surpass the 1916 record by 28,000,000, but will be about 340,000,000 short of the high record set in 1915. Results such as these should assure the railroad companies of another year of large traffic and growth in gross revenues. Unfortunately, their operating cost continues to rise in most instances, and thus prevents them from saving satisfactory percentages of the expansion in gross. Realization of this fact in investment circles explains, to a considerable extent, the

sinking tendencies and feeble rallies in the prices of stocks of this class.

Finance in St. Louis

The local market for securities continues in a quiet, hesitant condition. With but few exceptions, prices indicate no change of striking importance. The volume of profit-taking is small, and absorptive capacity relatively good. Cautious considerations, similar to those prevalent in New York, have a repressive effect upon speculative propensities, but they are likely to give way again to favorable prognoses regarding values. The quotations for shares of banks and trust companies are firmly held at or close to previous levels, but there is little trading in this group. Bank of Commerce is the only issue that displays some activity. Nearly fifty shares were lately transferred at 17.50. This compares with a low notch of 99.50 in 1916. The value of Third National is pegged, apparently, at 240. The same may be said of Mississippi Valley Trust, which is obtainable at 290.

The price of National Candy common still reflects liquidation for parties who bought at the cheap levels of months ago. About three hundred and forty shares were sold, in the past week, at 32.25 to 33. Fifteen Chicago Railway Equipment were taken at 110; sixty Fulton Iron Works common at 49 to 49.25; fifty of the preferred at 102.50; one hundred and forty-five Ely-Walker D. G. common at 119; ten Certain-teed Products second preferred at 88.50, and ten Hamilton-Brown Shoe at 142.50. The demand for United Railways issues remains tame and timid, with quotations virtually unchanged. Of the 4s, \$3,000 were sold at 60. St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are somewhat lower in the bid figure. Granite-Bimetallic, representing a property that in years ago endowed numerous St. Louisans with great riches, has thus far made no response to the remarkable rise in the value of silver. The stock is quoted at 50 cents. A few months since it was up to 80 cents. Large amounts of it still are owned in this city.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
German Savings Inst.....	200	
Jefferson Bank.....	80	100
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	115 3/4	117
Miss. Valley Trust.....	288	
United Railways com.....	5 3/4	6
do pfd.....	20 1/2	21 1/2
do 4s.....	59 3/4	60
Cass Av. & F. G. 4 1/2.....	94 3/4	
Union Depot 6s.....	99 3/4	
Missouri Edison 5s.....	97	
St. L. Cotton Compress.....	40	
Certain-teed 2d pfd.....	90	
Rice-Stix com.....	230	250
Brown Shoe.....		65
St. L. Brew. Ass'n 6s.....	70	
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd.....	6	12
do 6s.....	44	
National Candy com.....		33 1/2

Answers to Inquiries

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—The Anglo-French five-year 5s are considered a good investment, being guaranteed by both governments. The decline of about three points since last March was due to general hurtful factors in financial markets. Some authorities persist in

predictions that the bonds will go above par eventually, after peace has been restored. The present price of 92 3/4 compares with 98 1/2 in the autumn of 1915. Last February sales were made at 90 1/2. For a speculative investment the bonds appear a tempting purchase at 92 3/4, the yield being sufficiently ample to offset the possibility of further depreciation.

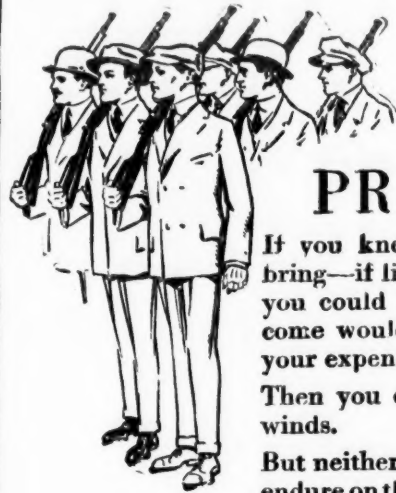
QUERIST, Abilene, Kan.—(1) The 5 per cent regular dividend on Associated Oil is not considered in peril of reduction in the near future. The decline in the quotation from 78 3/4 to 61 since last January was the outgrowth of general depression in all markets. During the same period, Mexican Petroleum has fallen from 106 1/2 to 88. While Associated Oil may go lower still, it would not be advisable to sell at a serious loss, unless, of course, you need the money or wish to protect other commitments. (2) Cuba-American Sugar common should be liquidated at the first favorable opportunity. There's no probability of a recovery to 240.

T. K. W., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—American Locomotive preferred may justly be regarded as an investment stock, especially under existing prosperous conditions in the equipment industry. The 7 per cent dividend has regularly been paid since date of incorporation in 1901. Five per cent is disbursed on the common; one per cent extra was recently declared. Up to this date the quotation for the preferred has not been badly affected by the unsettlement in war and railroad issues. The current price of 103 denotes a decline of less than four points from the year's maximum. In case of a fall to 96, a level indicative of a net yield of 7.25 per cent, you would be justified in entering a scaled buying order. In 1915, the low point was 75; in 1916, it was 99 1/2.

MARKET, St. Louis.—There are no expectations of a commencement of dividends on American Can common at an early date. Seven per cent still is in arrears on the preferred. But there may be something forthcoming in 1918. The present price of 41 1/2 does not appear unseemly high, but there may be a further drop of five or six points, nevertheless. On February 3 last, sales were made at 36. The stock has speculative attractions, and should be held by people who feel indifferent to occasional wide fluctuations. About a year ago the quotation was up to 68 1/2—absolute maximum. The same level was reached in 1915.

W. R. O'D., Kenosha, Wis.—Peoria & Eastern is merely a gamble, and will remain such a good while longer. It is purchasable at about 8, and intrinsically not worth even that. The quotation becomes active at rare intervals. If you wish to speculate for a long hold, there are numerous other and much more desirable stocks at your command.

LEX, Galesburg, Ill.—Westinghouse Electric common, now rated at 44, is a semi-investment purchase. Par value is \$50, on which \$3.50 is paid, equal to 7 per cent per annum. There has been good demand for the stock during the last few weeks, and a further extensive depreciation would therefore seem unlikely. You might start buying at 41 or 40. The dividend is safe.



PREPARE

If you knew what tomorrow would bring—if life held no vicissitudes—if you could be positive that your income would always be greater than your expenses—

Then you could cast caution to the winds.

But neither nation nor individual can endure on this hand-to-mouth existence.

The nation must be prepared to defend its right by force of might. You must be prepared to meet your expenses if your income should cease.

Vital to the nation and vital to you is preparedness.

A Mercantile Savings Account is preparedness against the turns of fortune.

Have you one?



Mercantile Trust Company

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Member Federal Reserve System—U. S. Government Protection

How Ranges are Made

A Visit to the Extensive Factory of the Majestic Manufacturing Company.

In these days of inspiring manufacturing prosperity in St. Louis it might be worth while to consider the Majestic range and the way of its making, as an example. A visit was accordingly made to the factory by a representative of REEDY'S MIRROR and the din was something to be remembered. The situation there does not lend itself to conversation nor is conversation particularly necessary, for every man seems to know what it is for him to do and is doing it. And the noise is some indication of what is doing out at the factory at 2014-20 Morgan street and 2013 to 2019 Lucas avenue, for the Majestic people have orders to fill and they are very busy doing it.

The Majestic Company has just finished shipping eight train loads of ranges to the order of the United States Government. These train loads averaged twenty cars each. Government is said to have wanted something that would not only stand the rough usage but would do the work required of it in other respects. Hence its choice of the Majestic.

When the sheets of charcoal iron which constitutes the body of the range are received at the factory they are placed in a heavy machine which at one bite punches out the holes for doors and the rivet holes. Then the sheets are sent

to the top or fifth floor, where the process of further manufacture of the range really begins and is continued as the range descends from floor to floor, until it reaches the second, where it is stored ready for delivery as the orders come in. Here in this stock room is found one of the advantages the Majestic people claim over some competitors. They can fill and send any order on its way the same day it is received, for there is nothing to do but load the ranges and ship them.

When the punched sheet of metal which is to be the body of the range gets to the top floor it is bent to the proper shape and cold-riveted by hand. This makes of the body a one-piece part. Here other parts are assembled and then sent down to the next floor.

The fourth floor is the one on which the ovens are put together. This is a particular part of the work as the oven is really a vital part of a range. All the riveting is done by hand and when the oven is completed it is virtually airtight—a desideratum as it saves both heat and fuel. Here also is the shearing room where different parts of the range are trimmed to the proper dimensions. The nickeling department on this floor displays an interesting process. The parts to be nickeled pass through one bath after another of various kinds of cleansing liquids, for it is absolutely essential that the surface be chemically clean or the nickel will not adhere. Then the part is placed in the nickeling tubs from whence it emerges to go to the

REEDY'S MIRROR

uffers. A series of these put on the metal plating a polish like a mirror. Here also are dozens of machines with emery wheels, where men take the heavier part of the range and grind down and shape any rough parts the metal may have had when it came from the mills. The lids, doors and all other parts are then taken in hand by special workmen whose business it is to see that each and every part fits exactly the place for which it is intended. This is an important matter in the policy of the Majestic company and much attention is given to the details of seeing that every part is snugly adjusted to the place for which it is intended. The company insists that in the adaptation of means to ends, perfect adjustment is necessary in turning out the best possible range and hence it stresses that point.

The grinding down of the top is an illustration of the extent to which machinery in some instances is far superior to hand processes. The whole top of the range, lids included, is placed on a long table, which is operated by a chain and sprocket, slowly moves the top successively under a dozen or more emery wheels, from which the fire flies constantly like sparks from a Roman candle. The emery wheels are graduated in fineness, the first being the coarsest in texture and the last the finest. A dozen or more tops move under the wheel all the time. When one is fed in the one at the other end of the table emerges polished and perfectly level.

On the third floor the hot water reservoirs are made, and the Majestic claims that in this reservoir it has a utility that cannot be beaten as an attachment for ranges. The standard size holds fifteen gallons and the reservoir itself is made out of pure sheet copper, tinned on the inner side. The advantage of this reservoir is that it has a pocket on one side which projects into the firebox, thus heating the water in the simplest and most effective way. This projecting pocket is seamless, as it is stamped into the sheet of copper by a heavy press. When the reservoir is completed it is tested for leaks and strength under hydraulic pressure. On this floor also is the paint shop, for all the inner parts and linings of the ranges are given a coat of paint to preserve them. Here is located the pattern shop and the department that makes ranges to fill special orders, of which the company has a considerable number. Here are turned out the quarter-size sample ranges used by the salesmen and which, being perfect ranges, are frequently requisitioned by little girls who want to set up "housekeeping." On this floor also is to be found a restaurant booth

where coffee, pie and other foods are sold to the workmen at cost.

The second floor is devoted to sheet metal and copper kitchen equipments, for the company makes these as well as ranges—likewise a general supply department and the stock room aforementioned, where the finished products of the factory await orders. Here are made on special order, copper coffee urns of many kinds and sizes.

On the first floor are located the shipping department and the general offices, which front on Morgan street. There is also a good-sized room with a man in charge of it, devoted to advertising stock, for the company believes in advertising and liberally supplies the merchants to whom it sells all kinds of cuts and all kinds of printed advertising. This department is under Mr. C. F. Jacobmeyer.

A significant fact that is complimentary to the executive department is that the recent great government order was filled without any disturbance of the regular trade routine.

The company insists that its range is a development of the years and that it has been made as nearly perfect as it is possible for care, intelligence and money to accomplish. The points in this range to which it calls especial attention is that it is riveted together throughout. Stove bolts and stove putty are discarded, as the adjustments are so true that putty is not needed and bolts rust out or get loose. Other features are the asbestos lining of the oven properly placed and air spaces between the outer body and lining of the range which protect the metal and prolong its life. But the main merit is that the Majestic is made of malleable iron. The strongest claims are made by the company that this is superior to any other metal for the manufacture of ranges. In the first place, it cannot be broken. It heats quicker than the old cast stove. It stands the heat better than any other metal known in ranges. And more than that, it will last longer than a steel or cast range. Evidence of this fact may be seen in the difference in the life of the present wire steel nails and the old-time iron nails no less than in the short life of present day tin plate.

The Majestic company is employing at the present time in the big factory on Morgan street over four hundred men in the manufacturing department. The factory building is about 125x300 feet in size and every foot in its five great floors is now in busy use. Such have been the recent demands of the business that it has been necessary to lease a big warehouse adjoining the factory on the west. The company now employs about one hundred salesmen who sell to dealers in forty-two states. The company makes a great many different kinds of ranges designed to suit nearly all demands of the consumer, either family or hotel. The coal and wood burner are combined in one range, but it also makes gas ranges and combined coal and gas.

At its start the company had varying fortunes. It was founded in 1892 by L. L. Culver, who continued with it until his death in 1899. In 1897, Robert H. Stockton came into the company. Mr. Stockton had full charge until 1908, when Frank R. Henry was taken in, the selection being made through his reputation

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The Irish Funmaker

Matinee Daily
REAL BURLESQUE

IRENE SHANNON

And THE FIFTY CHORUS OF PRETTY GIRLS.

NEXT—PARISIAN FLIRTS.

gained in his service with the United Railways. The officers of the corporation elected January 1, 1917, are: Robert H. Stockton, president; Frank R. Henry, vice-president; A. A. Phillips, treasurer; Carl Sommer, secretary. Both of these gentlemen were promoted from inferior positions with the company for many years.

Mr. Stockton's long and thorough acquaintance with the hardware and stove trade, where as vice-president of Simmons Hardware company he was intimately concerned and aided greatly the expansion of that great concern has been the chief factor in the success of the Majestic range. His experience of twenty years in managing and making salesmen out of the raw material of workers, assured him of the success attained in bringing the Majestic Manufacturing Company to the front as the originator and leader in its line.

♦♦♦

New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE HEART'S KINGDOM by Maria Thompson Daviess. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Co.; \$1.35.

A war novel out of the ordinary. An interesting heroine passes through tragic moments to a vision and realization of truth. The story deals illuminatingly with the spiritual outcome of the present materialistic confusion in the world. The book has humorous as well as dramatic phases and it will recall to many the style of the author in "The Melting of Mollic." Illustrated by W. B. King.

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONEY by Henry Handel Richardson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

A long novel—145 pages. A life story of breadth and depth.

THE SOUL OF A BISHOP by H. G. Wells. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel published serially in "Collier's Weekly" in this country in which Mr. Wells develops and expands the ideas of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and "God, The Invisible King." It is an outline in story form of the distinguished English author's conception of the New World-Religion. Frontispiece by C. Allan Gilbert.

THE LONG SPOON by Mrs. Charles Bryce. New York: John Lane; \$1.40.

The wife of an insane man resorts to the arts of necromancy for his cure.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS by Alexander Harvey. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50.

A study of the achievement of a literary artist and the dean of all writing men in the United States. This book of criticism is vigorous and marked by prejudices as strong as its enthusiasms. The style of Mr. Harvey is marvelously fluid; but for its excellent balance it might be characterized as voluble. A high tribute to Mr. Howells, even though the basis of some of the approval be outlandish, to some tastes. Typographically the book has some curious marks, as in the large type of the heads running along the pages. It is excellently indexed.

BASEBALL

SPORTSMAN'S PARK

BROWNS vs. CLEVELAND

September 14, 15,

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The Most Poignant, Human and Appealing Drama of a Decade.

Maybe Your Little Girl Might Have Been This Little Girl

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TEN STANDARD ACTS OF THE
BIGGEST AND BEST
ADVANCE VAUDEVILLE

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PLAYING SUPREME VAUDEVILLE

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2:15—TWICE EVERY DAY—8:15

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WILLIE WESTON

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These reports have been confirmed sufficiently to compel us to take action.

The beverage Bevo enjoys the protection of both federal and state authority. In preparing it for sale and in marketing it, we adopt every possible precaution to protect the public against imposition and to prevent evasion of the law. Bevo is sold in bottles only, we bottle all of it ourselves, and we have adopted a kind of bottle, crown and seals designed to prevent imitation.

We shall omit no measure within our power to defend the authority under which Bevo is manufactured and sold, to protect the public from imposition, and to safeguard the good name of this Association.

We therefore give fair warning that we shall refuse to sell our products to those who are found guilty of the above offense.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION

August Busch
PRESIDENT

6L



He—If I stole a kiss would you scream for your parents?

She—No, not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family.—*Pennsylvania State Froth.*

♦♦♦

A drummer, being very fond of corn on the cob, ate ear after ear. Finally the pretty waitress, after she'd brought him his fourteenth or fifteenth ear, said

tartly: "Don't you think you would save half a dollar or so a day if you boarded at a livery stable?"

♦♦♦

Billy—Huh! I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday.

Willie—I just bet I did.

Billy—Then why ain't you sick today?—*New York Times.*

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on Food, Labor or Industry

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A. J. CICARDI.

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and Paper Bound
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at : : : : :

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In all the advertising and selling campaigns with which we have been identified, success has been won by the Golden Rule.

We have consistently refused to handle the advertising of booze, bunk stock schemes, nostrums, and fake bargain sales—because such advertising is harmful to the best interests of humanity.

If you have a worthy business, we want to serve you as advertising counselors, agents, or managers. Our facilities are entirely adequate for the intelligent handling of any advertising campaign.

We will give you as sound advice and as complete co-operation in connection with your advertising investment as your bank gives you on other forms of investment.

Our relations with you will be as close as those of your corporation counsel, your consulting engineer, or your expert accountants.

A staff of men who have had long and successful experience as advertising managers or sales managers of large corporations will prove a distinct asset to your own business.

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ROY B. SIMPSON, President

Phone, Olive 462

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